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THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

THE

WINTER SCHOOL;

OR,

THE BOYS' CAMPAIGN AGAINST ONE OF THEIR WORST ENEMIES.

By MRS. H. E. BROWN.

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THE WINTER SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

A JOKE—AT WHOSE EXPENSE?

"JIM LAWRENCE, what *does* make you smoke so much? Before I'd be seen going to school every day with a long-nine in my mouth!" Thus spoke Tristram Gilmore, a noble-looking boy of fifteen, as, with rapid strides over the crispy snow, he overtook a young schoolmate.

"And who are you, I'd like to know?" gruffly responded Jim, as he turned lazily round to face his companion, at the same moment lifting his cigar from his lips, and ejecting the poisoned saliva with the air and aptitude of an accomplished smoker.

"I'm myself, and nobody else," said Tristram, with energy; "and I'm the boy that never will dirty my lips with tobacco; no, not if I live to be a hundred years old!" and

he straightened himself up with the conscious spirit of a young nobleman.

"May be," replied Jim; "we'll see when you come to be a man. You haven't found out what's good yet."

"Ha, ha, ha! If that isn't rich!" shouted the first speaker, with a broad, hearty laugh. "When I'm a man! How long have you been one, I should like to know?"

No wonder he asked the question. No wonder he laughed. Any body would have laughed that could have seen the two boys as they walked together over the frozen foot-path that morning.

A splendid-looking fellow was Tristram Gilmore. His fine, large, well-developed head bore testimony to a breadth of intellect and a superiority of organization not often met with. One had but to look at his fair, ample forehead, and into his clear blue eye, to know that he had a frank, kindly disposition, and a noble, generous heart. His figure was finely formed, tall and broad for one of his years, indicating a strength of constitution and robust health which promised well as the foundation and beginning of his life's career. His step was firm, and his whole carriage bold and intrepid. He always looked you straight

in the eye when you spoke to him. And, boys, do you know what that means? It means just this. When a boy looks up with a clear, unabashed, modest countenance into the face of the person who is talking with him, you may know that he is a good boy, — honest and upright in his words and actions, — that he carries about with him a conscience void of offense. He needs no concealment, and fears no inquisition. But if he stands with eyes downcast, or wandering restlessly about from side to side, as if he did not dare to look or be looked at, then you may be sure there is something wrong about him. He is not a boy to be believed, trusted, relied on. But one might have known, at a glance, that Tristram Gilmore was not one of these. His whole bearing indicated integrity, high-mindedness, and resolution. He was not the youth to do a mean act, neither one that was to be overcome by difficulties. With him, to know what was right was to will it, and to will was to do. Squire Gilmore and his amiable wife might well be proud of such a son.

Jim Lawrence was a perfect contrast with him in every point — a puny, pale, craven-looking lad, shamefaced and listless. He was very nearly of the same age as Tristram, and

yet so inferior in mind, body, character, and attainments, that one might well believe he was many years younger. But alas! a broader gulf than months and years separated them. A mean, selfish spirit, a cunning, malicious disposition, vicious propensities indulged without restraint, had made this boy an early victim of bodily disease, mental inactivity, and moral weakness. Were his parents blind to their son's delinquencies and faults, or did they wink at them, because he was their first-born? Did they believe that a boy must "sow his wild oats" of sin, that he might reap a rich harvest of manly virtues, or did they shrink, from sheer inefficiency, from a contest with his headstrong will and evil propensities? However this might be, he was certainly a boy unloved and undesired as a companion except by those of kindred disposition, a torment to his little brothers, — who, strange to say, were quite unlike himself, — a care and anxiety at home, a vexation and annoyance in school, and a nuisance in the neighborhood.

You may wonder, little reader, that so bad a boy should come to school at all. Didn't he play truant sometimes? Yes; but this winter there is an attraction, we scarcely know what, that keeps him in his place. For

the first time in his life he is regular and punctual in his attendance. We may hope that whatever this attraction may be, it may prove a power for good to the poor, miserable, self-destroyed boy.

"But honestly, Jim, do you really like the taste of that nasty thing?" asked Sidney Barnes, who had come up just in time to hear his remark to Tristram, and to join in the hearty laugh with which it had been received.

"Of course. What do you suppose I smoke for, if I don't like it? I don't do things I dislike, I tell you," sharply responded Jim.

"Oh, I thought you did it to look big — to *make yourself a man*," said Sidney, laughing and stretching himself up. "Better take care, Jim, or you will be like the frog in the fable."

"Who was he, Sid?" asked a thick, coarse voice at his elbow. It was poor Luther Lewis, the imbecile, the half idiot, the forlornest of all forlorn creatures in the town of Campfield. Almost grown to man's estate, he knew little more than a child of five or six. He always attended the winter school, however, with the punctuality of the most devoted student, and being good natured and inoffensive, was tolerated by teacher and scholars. All seemed to pity his misfortune, and none could

refuse to do him a kindness, or to speak tenderly to him, though occasionally the mischief of some fun-loving spirit would perpetrate a harmless joke at the poor lad's expense. Luther had come up with the group of boys now collecting around the school-house door, just in time to hear the latter part of Sidney's speech. Now, Jim Lawrence was a very particular friend of his, — he not being able, in his simplicity, to discriminate very keenly between good and evil in character, — furnishing him with all the tobacco he wanted, in return for the squirrels and woodchucks Luther trapped in the woods, and the birds' nests he stole from the orchards. No wonder he wanted to know who or what his champion was going to be like, or how frogs could have any thing to do with boys.

"Why, Luther," replied Sidney, with a patronizing air and mock seriousness of tone, "haven't you read in your Geography about the wonderful frog that tried to be as big as an ox? You see he was conceited and ambitious, and so he swelled himself out, and swelled, and swelled till he —"

"Busted!" supplied a shrill voice in the crowd. And then there was a perfect uproar of laughter, and some ill-mannered fingers

pointed at Jim. Luther's countenance, not ordinarily very brilliant in its expression, put on a piteously perplexed look, while he silently glanced from one to another around the group as if to fathom what it all meant; and then he too laughed as uproariously as the rest.

Jim's face grew spotted with anger. "You just mind your own business, you preaching fools," he cried, in a hoarse voice. "Go home, and sit in your mammy's lap, and suck your thumbs and eat your pap, and —"

There is no knowing what further the boy might have perpetrated in his wild indignation, but at this involuntary rhyme there was such an outburst of shouts and merriment that the poor fellow was completely overwhelmed.

"Hurrah! Jim Lawrence is a *poet;* did you know it?" cried one.

"If we could do as well as he, how very grandeous we should be!" sung another.

"Jim Lawrence the brave, Jim Lawrence the wise,
He's out, and his mother don't know it;
A cigar in his mouth and smoke in his eyes,
Three cheers for Jim Lawrence, boys — go it,"

was the more elaborate impromptu of Sidney, and volley after volley of fun and wit succeeded, with the most vociferous hurrahs and shouts.

In the midst of the tumult, Miss More, the young teacher, came up the path. At sight of her, Jim threw away his cigar, Luther's face yielded its befogged expression, for there was a charm in her bright eye which seemed to throw light and intelligence into his, and the boys parted to let her pass.

"Good morning, boys," said she, with a smile; "you seem merry to-day. This bracing air makes you bright and happy."

"Jim Lawrence has turned poet; that's what made us laugh so," said little Willie Osborne. "You ought to set him to writing verses, Miss More."

"An ode to cigars!" shouted Sidney.

"A dirge for the 'busted' frog," hesitatingly suggested Tristram, in a low voice.

Jim looked furious with passion. Miss More saw by a rapid glance that the mirth was growing pointed and unpleasant to some of the party, and ever striving to preserve harmony and good feeling in her little flock, she took no notice of the remarks, but simply say-

ing, "It is time for school to commence, boys," she entered the building.

As she passes in we perceive that she is a slight-built, frail-looking specimen of young womanhood. Wherein lies her capability for controlling from day to day such a turbulent representation of "Young America"?

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

No common country school house was that into which Miss More entered, with a noisy troop of boys at her heels, on that frosty January morning. It would by no means answer to the oft-repeated descriptions of the dilapidated, much abused, too freely ventilated school houses of rural districts. No, indeed; it was new, whole, clean, tidy. The bright red bricks and white curtained windows made it outwardly a conspicuous and much admired object, standing quite alone as it did on the edge of the salt meadow, a few rods in from the public road. The villagers gazed upon it as they walked past, with a touch of pride at its neat architecture. The farmers, as they rode to church in their open wagons from the far districts of the wide-spread township, felt a little twinge of envy at the "Corner folks." The stage driver, as he drove his weary horses up to the door of the village tavern, to drop the mail bag, and take a hasty refreshment for man and beast, was not loth to point out

the new edifice to his passengers as the "very handsomest school 'us in all Maine."

In summer it might possibly have awakened a feeling of discomfort, in some sensitive natures, by its bare, unprotected seeming, the hot sun glaring down upon the receptive brick, and not a tree to nestle over it with sheltering, cooling verdure. But no matter for that now. The school house had but just been finished; it was opened for the first time for a winter school, and when summer came it would be time enough to complain, if it were found to be like the fiery furnace of the Persian king, heated seven times hotter than ordinary. Then it is to be hoped some kindly soul will take pity on its friendless condition, and, with stalwart arms, will bring, from the near woods, maples and elms and oaks to plant around it, for the benefit of the future, if not of the present generation. But now we are quite satisfied, for we need all the heat which the red bricks can absorb from the wintry sun, and that, too, which a well-filled stove can supply, and every bit of the bright sunlight that streams in through the windows, to keep us from congealing during this long, cold, tedious, down-east winter.

Inwardly, the "new" school house, as it

was uniformly called, was a pleasant and attractive place, not only because it was so well warmed that every one forgot the icy condition of nature outside, but because it was so neat and pleasant in all its appointments. No inky, whittled desks were there; no rickety chairs, rusty, smoking stove, broken windows, or torn curtains, disgraced the apartment. The forms and seats were painted white, and were as inviting to young intellects as hard boards and straight backs could possibly be. The walls were hung with blackboards and maps — a very unusual thing for those days, and for that secluded part of the world, but which added much to the pleasant, cozy appearance. The teacher's desk, elevated sufficiently from the floor to give her opportunity to look down upon her pupils, and into their occupations, stood in a little alcove between the two doors of entrance. In front of the desk were a small table and a comfortable arm chair for the teacher's special accommodation during recitations, and on either side of the area were the low benches for the use of the abecedarians of the institution.

From the windows on the three sides of this pleasant room we may look out across the meadow, and over the smooth, sandy beach,

upon the wide expanse of the deep-blue sea. Just here the great Atlantic rolls his heavy surf upon the fine, hard, beaten sand; a little further on, it breaks with fearful roar, scattering its cold, white foam over a projecting ledge of rocks. Now it is placid as an inland lake, clear and blue as the heavens above, innocent and harmless in its bearing as the white sails that gracefully cleave its calm surface; and anon, tossing in furious commotion, its angry billows, with their foaming crests, look like some floundering monster, roaring for its prey. A grand, imposing, suggestive sight is that vast, heaving ocean on these wintry days. It is a constant companion, a hearty old friend, affluent in its store of thrilling, speechless tales of beauty, sublimity, and terror.

Every morning — we will not speak of the evening — this said school room was as guiltless of dust, papers, nutshells, and apple cores, as the industrious, smart little sweeper, Nannie Cook, could make it. Nannie and her brother Joe were the children of a poor widow who lived in the district, and were supplied by the families of the neighborhood with clothing and books for taking care of the room. Faithfully did they perform their part of the contract.

Eacn morning, just as the sun was seen coming up from the blue Atlantic, casting his earliest rays into the eastern windows of the school house, Joe was on hand with his key and ax, splitting the kindlings and bringing in the round hickory logs. And when the fire was well going and the wood box duly replenished, Nannie appeared with her broom and duster, to put every thing into nice working order.

Not the least charm of the place was the rosy-faced, mild-voiced young teacher. She had fairly won her way into the hearts of all, so that to every one, from the infantile lisper of her a-b-abs, up to the young men and maidens who sat in the highest seats and studied from ponderous volumes, her presence was always welcome. Never a child begged to stay at home while Miss More was the "mistress." Only illness or an unwonted tempest could keep the little ones from their accustomed places. The child that happened to overtake her and walk to school by her side was the hero of the day, and there was invariably a strife among the little ones that went "up street," when school was done, as to who should walk next to her and carry her copy books and pens.

To the older pupils Miss More was the beau ideal and sum total of all excellences. They respected, admired, and loved her. And the very best evidence of their attachment was their unreserved and undeviating compliance with her wishes and submission to her rule.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMITTEE MEETING.

How came Miss More, "the little, young thing," as she was familiarly styled by some of her mother-patrons, to have charge of a winter district school? This is usually considered work for a man. By what right or reason had she stepped into the sphere of the stronger sex?

The district, as we have already remarked of the school house, was a new one. It was situated in the very center of the town, having been set off from the four adjoining districts because their circuit was inconveniently large. The site for the building had been selected very near the village corner, on the one public street, and the school would, of course, be supplied by the families of the village — the aristocracy, we may say, of this rural community. The two ministers, the two doctors, the lawyer, the postmaster, the tailor, the grocers, and the innkeeper were here to be represented by numerous sons and daughters, and it was allowed to be the worst-trained

and hardest collection of children in all Campfield.

Very animated was the discussion, at the first meeting of the newly-constituted committee, with regard to the prospects of the school, and the selection of a teacher.

"We've got the new district and the new house, and have got to git up a school, I s'pose," says Deacon Gooch, "but I don' know who we're goin' to git to manage 'em. They'll likely tear the eyes out of any common man, and the coat off his back. Jest reckon, now —there's a raal army of young scamps round here."

His own boy Bill was, no doubt, in his mind's eye, though he made no personal allusions.

"Oh, well, they are not all so bad, deacon," said Squire Gilmore. "There are many good children to offset the bad, and quite a number of young ladies, too, who wish to enter the school. Their influence will, no doubt, be highly beneficial."

"I motion we get Miss More, if we can, her that kept the school up on the hill last summer. My Anne thinks there's nobody on earth like her," said Barnes, the innkeeper, a hearty, good-natured man. "I never saw the

child cry so hard in all her life as she did when that school was done; and she wouldn't be pacified, no way, till I told her I'd propose for Miss More this winter. She seemed to have a wonderful faculty for keeping school."

"Whew! a *woman* for a winter school! Well, I guess we should see times!" exclaimed Little, the storekeeper, with mingled surprise and contempt at such a suggestion. He wasn't a woman's-rights man — not he. "There's no woman can tackle my Josh, I'll be bound — not even his own mother."

"Miss More, of all womankind!" added Mr. Lawrence, with kindred disdain. "Why, there are half a dozen of these Corner lads, at least, who could just lift the wee thing in their hands and toss her out of the window. If you're goin' to get a woman, do get somebody with some size to 'em."

"It is not always personal appearance that commands respect, brother Lawrence," gravely remarked Squire Gilmore. "Moral qualities are often far more imposing."

"Them she's got, to my sartain knowledge," responded Mr. Tuttle, a good, sensible farmer, from the outskirts of the district. "I never yet seed any one jest so dignified and perlite, with such a little bit of a frame to stand on.

But she's got a way with her that makes the youngsters mind, now I tell ye, and makes the old ones look up to her tew. I know my darters never went to school where they larned so much, manners included, as they did to hern last summer on the hill. They'd give all their old shoes to have her back here agin."

"Well, now, I want to know," asked Deacon Gooch, "what you're a-goin' to do with that boy of Hill's, and Sam Perkins, and that half fool, Luther Lewis, and Tom Hatch, and the rest of them great fellers, when they put their heads together for mischief. And there's my boy, too, I might as well own up, he isn't slow when there's any fun goin' on. I guess there'll be breakers when you git them all cuttin' up their tantrums. It'll take more than that teenty-taunty creater to make 'em behave. How is she a-goin' to thrash them great heavy fellers? I tell ye, she won't stay in the place three days. You'll have to git a good stout man, and give him a fresh cowhide every week, if you're a-goin' to have school here."

"You judge the boys too harshly, I fear," replied Squire Gilmore. "I think there is not one of them but would respect a woman, and

a lady, like Miss More. I know they always 'try the master,' as they call it, to see if he is one whom they can respect and must obey. But I hardly think there would be any attempt of that sort with her."

"I like the idea, gentlemen," spoke the Rev. Mr. Osborne, who had been invited to the meeting, and had thus far listened in silence to the discussion,—"I like the idea of inviting a lady to take the charge of our new school. The novelty of the thing,—it having been your custom previously to have a gentleman teacher for your winter schools,—the novelty of the thing, I say, would attract. I would suggest, also, as gentlemen—I would rather say *male*—teachers are prone to be abrupt in their manners, and rough and severe in their treatment of children, not having naturally a tender sympathy with childhood, that the experiment of employing a lady will very probably succeed, for one term at least. And as to the lady in question, it is my opinion that a better appointment could not be made. I am well acquainted with Miss More, and with her very worthy and respectable family. I know her to be a young person of talents and good education, of integrity and sound principle. Her amiable disposition and refine-

ment of manners will be very much in her favor in the management of the school, and I believe will have a subduing and mollifying effect upon the boisterous spirits of the rude and ill-trained children, to whom allusion has been made. Moreover, she is a person of devoted piety, and will discharge her duties in the fear of the Lord; and permit me to say gentlemen, that *I* consider this qualification of the highest moment — *the highest moment.* For a person, gentlemen, who has not the fear of God before his eyes and in his heart, is not, in my estimation, a safe person with whom to intrust any enterprise, and especially the important work of educating our children."

Upon the delivery of this address, to which of course, as a matter of courtesy, all assented, the Rev. Mr. Osborne withdrew, and the vote was immediately taken. It was almost unanimous in favor of Miss More, although several had still their misgivings with regard to the result.

"We can try her," said Deacon Gooch, with an air of submission. "'Tisn't at all likely she'll accept, though."

"Not a bit," rejoined Little. "If she's got a thimbleful of prudence I'm sure she won't. She'll be afeard to undertake such a job."

"She don' know the fellers she'll have to deal with, ye see, till she tries 'em," said Mr. Lawrence. "She can come, if she likes; but you'd better believe she'll be glad enough to quit. If she gits hold of them big boys once, she'll drop 'em like a hot potatur."

"I believe, brother Lawrence," said Squire Gilmore, in his bland, persuasive tones, — (these gentlemen were brothers in the church, and Squire Gilmore always chose to use this Christian and affectionate style of address, especially when there was need of conciliation,) — "I have faith to believe, brother Lawrence, that all will soon come out right, and that our new school will be a grand success — the pride of our town, as the school building itself is. I think Miss More has qualities of intellect and heart, and of outward manner, which will secure the respect and affection of her pupils, and obedience will then be sure to follow. Let us not prophesy evil. We will quietly wait her answer, and if she accepts our offer, we will suspend our judgment until time shall prove her capabilities."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAND CONDITION.

Squire Gilmore, in virtue of his superior education among his towns-people, and of his position in society, being secretary of the committee, wrote the invitation, and in due time Mr. Sheffield, the Campfield postmaster, handed him a letter.

"An answer to your call, squire," said he. "We'll all be anxious to hear what it is."

The committee were at once summoned to hear this important communication.

B———, Nov. 15, 185–.

H. T. Gilmore, Esq.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 10th instant was promptly received.

I thank you for the tribute of esteem you have rendered me, in the offer which I have received.

I will accept the situation with pleasure, on one condition — that you will allow me to be untrammeled in my method of instruction and government. I do not approve of cor-

poral punishment, and could not, on any consideration, undertake to administer it. Let me have a fair understanding on this point.

Your terms are satisfactory. Of the two boarding places you mention, I should prefer the family of Rev. Mr. Wade.

Respectfully yours,

A. B. More.

"She's wise enough to be a little bit cautious," says Mr. Lawrence, as the squire folded the letter. "She knows well enough she couldn't tackle them great boys."

"You see she ain't fit for the place. She can't whip 'em; but they'll never git along without it, squire, in the world. You know they won't," added Deacon Gooch, as positive as ever. "Why, did ye ever see a child that could git on without a beatin'? You know what the Bible says on that pint—'Spare the rod and spile the child.'"

"She never *can* git along so—now, don't you see she can't, Squire Gilmore?" said Mr. Little, the father of the unruly Josh. "Let alone her not whipping 'em, she just goes and tells 'em she shan't, to start with. Why, if the boys gits hold of that, they'll jist ride right over her rough shod."

"She would be quite as badly off, in my estimation," replied the squire, "if she did not tell them of her determination, for she is certainly physically incapable, as you suggested at our first meeting, of flogging boys larger and stronger than herself. It is my opinion, however, still, that moral suasion, in her case, will be altogether sufficient. I am not prepared to say that corporal punishment should be altogether banished from our school system, but I think Miss More displays a proper judgment in declining it for herself. Perhaps, upon the whole, it would be advisable, at the first, not to inform the boys of the fact, lest some malicious spirit should take advantage of it to disturb and annoy her."

"Let her come, let her come," cried Mr. Tuttle, rubbing his hands and ejecting his words in the most vehement manner. "And I say, let her have her own way tew. Let's see how she'll manage. I warrant ye 'twill be a great speritual victory. If she conquers them boys with a word and a look, if they're as bad as these gentlemen say, why, it'll be one of the nine wonders of the world — a spectacle to be looked at. Now try it. For my part, I don' know nothin' about boys, — mine are all darters, — only folks says they're

harder to manage. And I don' know nothin' about these 'Corner boys' ye tell about, I live so fur off; but I think a sight of Miss More, and I say, try her."

So Squire Gilmore was authorized to accept Miss More on her own conditions, but advised to suggest to her the propriety of keeping her plan of operations a secret from the boys. With a firm conviction of the security of her position and a natural ingenuousness of character, she replied that she would never hold a rod over the head of her pupils which she did not mean to use, that she felt much safer in trusting to their honor than to their fear, and that if she found boys in her school that she could not subdue, she would send them to their parents for the needed chastisement.

So the young lady, as they say women always do, had her own way; and though the boys of Campfield Corner had the reputation of being the worst in town, though the committee were critical, and the parents exacting, she complacently undertook the difficult task.

CHAPTER V.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

At the time appointed the young teacher entered upon her duties, recognizing no difficulty or danger in her path, but walking right onward, trusting in the Lord. She threw herself at once upon the self-respect and honor of her pupils.

"I do not consider you as children," she remarked to the older classes on the opening day of the session, "but as young ladies and gentlemen, and you will behave, of course, as such. Your example will constitute the public opinion of the school. If you are attentive and diligent, regardful of my wishes, the younger classes will prove themselves also docile and tractable. This will make my work easy and delightful, and your daily occupations a pleasure. Make my wish your law, and we shall have no hinderance to the prosecution of our several duties. You will learn rapidly, and I shall be greatly aided in imparting instruction."

Such doctrine was new in the schools of

Campfield, where the young people had been used to having inkstands thrown at their heads and birches broken over their shoulders. They opened their eyes in wonder, and cast significant glances at one another. But it proved itself wholesome doctrine, for the pupils instantly put themselves upon their good behavior, and seemed to vie with one another in punctuality, studiousness, and correctness of deportment; they seemed solicitous to attest their right to the title of gentleman and lady.

"Nobody ever called us gentlemen before," said Sidney Barnes, at recess. "Old Burns always called us young rascals or fools. I like to be treated as if I *was* somebody, and I mean that *she* shall see I am."

"We couldn't find it in our hearts, I'm sure," said Tristram Gilmore, "to trouble her, she seems so pleasant and good natured. I do hope the boys will behave themselves."

"There's no danger of the girls," said Bessie Simonson. "We know what's what, and we like her too well, too, not to please her. I shall do my part." Bessie was the oldest young lady in the school, and well she knew that all eyes, on the *girls'* side of the house at least, would be fixed on her. There's no

danger of her, reader. She is a good girl, with gentle, winning manners. She is a favorite in her own class, and the little ones look up to her with a feeling of admiration and real devotion. She always has a bevy of them about her at recess, clinging to her arms, petting her long black curls, or fondling the soft white hand. There's no danger but she will lead off her side of the house in the right direction.

"It will only be a pleasure," she added, "to do all she wants us to."

"She never wants us to do any thing we can't do," said Rebecca Gilmore, a cousin of Tristram's. We will just linger to say that Rebecca was the youngest of seven daughters, and was supposed to have profited by the wisdom, and experience, and dictation of all her older sisters. So you will not be surprised to learn that this young lady of sixteen, though rather prim and precise in her manners, was ever correct in her school demeanor.

"We've been to school to Miss More," she continued, "all summer, and we know her well. She'll never require any thing hard."

"Why, don't she never give you hard lessons?" asked little Harry Lawrence.

"Why, yes, Harry; but when the lessons look hard, we always try the harder, you know, and that makes them grow easy," replied Rebecca.

"Well, now, supposing a fellow can't do a sum, — and there's awful hard ones in my book, — what'll she do then?"

"Oh, she'll explain them to you, Harry, and make them so clear, you can't help understanding them; and then you'll get along finely."

"That wasn't the way old Burns did," rejoined Sidney. "He beat it in through our brains or our knuckles, or else it never got in."

Miss More not only appealed to a sense of honor in her pupils, and to their affection, which she sought to win with every gentle and familiar way, — there was one source of help upon which she relied over and above all these. She believed that no labor could succeed without the favor and smile of God, and to him she looked and upon him she leaned with humble, earnest, child-like confidence. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," she was accustomed to say. She prayed for heavenly wisdom for herself, that she might be "apt to teach, gentle, and patient." For her pupils

she besought docility of spirit, amiableness of temper, vivacity of intellect. And she trusted in Him who has proclaimed himself the hearer and answerer of prayer, that he would crown her efforts with success.

She improved her opportunity also to exert a religious influence upon the youthful minds clustering around her, for their present and daily benefit, but no less for their future and enduring good. She gave them daily religious instruction, plied them with the purest motives, wrought with their consciences, educated their understandings. Every morning she read and briefly enforced some practical portion of the Holy Word, and prayed for the presence and aid of God's Spirit in their daily duties. Each evening, before the school was closed, she reserved a half hour for some moral or religious lesson. Sometimes it was a Bible narrative, explained and applied. At other times she selected some choice, attractive story. Then, again, it would be a familiar talk on some subject which she saw to be appropriate to their needs. She watched her pupils, their conduct in and out of school, their temper toward each other, and treasured up each striking incident as a text for future instruction.

So the young teacher, who had excited so many fears among the well-wishing country people, proved satisfactorily that a gentle spirit in a leader, and self-government among the led, will bring about most happy and successful results. For never was there a school burdened with fewer rules and restrictions, controlled by a milder discipline, or annoyed by less misdemeanor, than this.

Squire Gilmore was gratified. Good Mr. Tuttle exulted. Deacon Gooch said he would withhold his judgment till the end of the term. The other opponents became quiet. "A new broom," they said, "sweeps clean." Still no one threw any impediment in her way, and things went on smoothly and tranquilly.

CHAPTER VI.

CATCHING A SUNBEAM.

By one of the southern windows in this pleasant school room sat Anna Little, a sister of the indomitable Josh, who had never yet been subdued by woman. Reader, lend your ear a moment. If we might dare to reveal a secret, we should say, that since the boy had been under Miss More's tutelage, he had been brought to the very verge of such a catastrophe. But Anna was not at all like her brother. She was always submissive — "a good scholar," by the consent of all. If you just catch a glance of her little dumpy figure, you may take her to be a woman of thirty; but when you look right into her fair, handsome face, you will forget all that, in the fascination of her sweet blue eyes and rosy cheeks. But externals aside, they are of little consequence. Anna was a brilliant scholar. At the age of sixteen, with only the advantages of country schools, she could have put to shame many an older girl in our best insti-

tutions. She was pious, too, and that is worth more than any thing else.

There she sits this morning, studying her lesson in Natural Philosophy, with a prism, which she has brought for experiments in the class, lying on the desk before her. The curtain is looped back from the window, out of which she casts occasional admiring glances at the unbroken expanse of ice-sheeted snow, glistening in the sunlight of this beautiful morning. All is quiet, for it is the silent study-hour.

But the sun outside is steadily pressing on to the meridian, and presently a ray slanting in at her window falls upon the little prism, when, as by magic, a rainbow-hued, quivering, beautiful spectrum shines on the opposite wall.

"Oh, oh, oh!" involuntarily issued from the baby lips behind the stove; and "Oh, oh, Miss More!" resounded from the opposite seat.

"Look there, look there, Miss More! what is it? where did it come from?" shouted the little ones.

In a twinkling the eyes that had been so intent on book and slate were upward gazing, but not all at the beautiful appearance

CATCHING A SUNBEAM.

before them. Luther Lewis, the simpleton, who occupied a seat with the large boys, although in intellect he was scarcely above babyhood, had caught sight of the bright, airy presentation on the wall, and, standing upon his feet, his frouzy head thrown back, with eyes and mouth wide open, and hands outstretched, he was in the act of springing to catch it. A titter was heard from every side of the room. The teacher herself could but smile at the amusing spectacle, and Anna, the unsuspected cause of the disturbance, yielded for a moment to her mirthful propensities, and prolonged the fun. Taking the prism, unobserved, in her hand, by dexterous movements she rapidly and repeatedly changed the locality of the phantasm, and made it dance in swift and ever-varying motion around the room. Now it alighted upon the wall, now on the desks, here, there, and every where in a moment; and poor Luther, frantic with eager delight, was darting after it in every direction, the contortions of his face, his violent, spasmodic efforts, and his constant disappointments, producing upon him the most ludicrous effect. The school was in a rising tempest of merriment.

It fell on a boy's head directly before the

poor innocent, and aiming a tremendous blow he thought he had now surely secured it.

"That's my *head*, sir," exclaimed the unfortunate sufferer.

Luther looked in his hand to see what he had got, and lo, nothing was there; but the beautiful object he so much desired was dancing on the wall at his side.

"I'll have you, I will," cried the overgrown child; and in his excitement he sprang, with force enough to have slain an enemy, both hands open, to reach the prize, when, behold, again it had vanished, and, the next instant, was blinding his very eyes, as if in mockery of his misery.

"There, sit down, now, Luther," said Miss More, after the performance of sundry evolutions of this sort; "you see you can't catch it."

"What is it? I want it. I must — I will" — cried the boy, as, almost spent with his exertion, he seated himself, and looked about wildly to get sight of it again.

At that moment, by a well-directed movement, Anna laid the pretty thing in the boy's hand. With an expression of the most intense childish delight, he closed his hand, when lo, it was no longer within, but smiled

up into his face from the outside of his rough, hard fist. Oh, cruel witchery! The poor fellow fairly cried with disappointment and vexation. Anna laid aside the prism, and Miss More soon called order out of confusion.

"Poor fellow," said she, "he has been chasing a sunbeam, and cries because he can not grasp it. But he is no more simple than we are, who daily seek happiness from mere selfish gratifications. It eludes our grasp just as certainly, and leaves us, too, with an empty, aching heart."

The older scholars listened with marked attention as their teacher drew this brief moral from the amusing incident, and in a few moments all were again busy with their studies.

When the exercises of the day were over, and the pupils of the new school were waiting with clasped hands and quiet attitude for the teaching of the day, Miss More took occasion to improve this incident by a few simple, impressive remarks. She told them how every body was eagerly running after happiness, making that the very object and aim of life, while it constantly eluded the pursuer, or, if obtained, proved vain and unsatisfactory.

"The *aim* of life," she said, "should be vir-

tue, purity, usefulness. In loving God, in striving to be like him, in endeavors to do right ourselves, and to benefit those around us, we are reaching the true end of our existence, and shall certainly gain unalloyed, lasting, and ever-increasing happiness. And though these noble pursuits may lead us through self-denials, difficulties, and toils, we must not shrink, but press on to the rich reward that surely awaits us at the end.

"Young people are apt to think that if they become Christians, they must sacrifice all their joys, and that a life of usefulness is dry and barren. But they are mistaken. You, my dear pupils, may enjoy every thing that the world can give, and you will be sure to say at the last, in Christ's own words, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' You will have precisely the experience that Luther had this morning, when he chased the sunbeam around the room until he was weary, and cried because he could not get it."

Many of the scholars went home that evening with deep and serious impressions, gravely deliberating within themselves how they might serve God and their fellow-crea-

tures, and secure a true and lasting happiness.

None reflected more solemnly or to better purpose than Tristram Gilmore; and this was the beginning out of which grew a great good.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST FRUITS.

On the morning on which we introduced our young friend Tristram to our readers, he had started for school with an earnest determination to carry out, if possible, the suggestions of usefulness which had been made by the teacher on the previous evening.

"I don't know," he said to himself, "exactly how to begin, or where to go to work. But I'll watch, and perhaps I shall find a chance for something."

As he followed Miss More and the rushing troop of his companions into the school room on that occasion, walking thoughtfully across the entry and up the aisle which led to his seat, suddenly it flashed upon his mind, "Here's my chance — now I can do some good.

"I have it," said he, audibly; "now I'll strike.

"Sidney — Sid" — he called in a loud whisper to his friend and classmate, who had already reached his desk. "Look here, Sid. I

want to speak to you a minute. I think smoking and chewing are getting quite the go here in school, lately. Have you noticed? I wish we could do something to stop them. Father says tobacco is almost as bad as rum, and it's a shame for these little bits of boys to learn such ways. I say, Sidney, can't we do something?"

"If Miss More knew it, I warrant you she'd talk to 'em some. Supposing we tell her, Tris."

"No, no; we don't want to go tattling. Besides, 'twould be ever so much better to do it ourselves. You know what she told us last night. Now let's see if we can't think of some way to stop this ourselves."

"Draw up a pledge, Tris, and make 'em all sign it; just like our cold-water pledge, you know."

The sound of the bell at that moment, calling the school to order, arrested the conversation; but the suggestion of a pledge dropped down into a very snug corner of Tristram's noble heart, and was treasured up there for future consideration. Algebra and geometry occupied all his attention for the present, for, like the faithful student that he was, he never allowed pleasure or interest of any sort for-

eign to his school duties to interfere with them.

What a comfort and joy such pupils are to their instructors! How easy and pleasant it is to teach them! Such are the "favorites" in school; and how can it be otherwise? A lazy, careless boy, who is never at his seat when the bell rings, who is always the last in the recitation room, lagging along, studying as he goes, because he has neglected to learn his lesson at the proper time, who is always ready to eat, or whisper, or play, or break some rule, when the teacher's eye is not full upon him, complains that his teacher is cross and partial. "The teacher has favorites," he says, "and it's of no use for me to *try* to do any thing. He don't like me."

Of course he does not, little boy. How can you expect him to? If you were a teacher, do you think you would like a boy that was always doing wrong, giving you trouble, and vexing you in every conceivable way? No, indeed, you would not. But the boy that is always correct in every thing, with good lessons and good conduct every day — ah, that's the one that you would like. You would pick out such a one from all the rest, and consider it a pleasure to instruct him, and

you wouldn't be able to hide your preference either. Of course you would show it.

So, then, for you to stand there grumbling, and complaining that your teacher is "real cross," is only to proclaim to every one that you are a bad boy in school. When you say that he favors Henry Jones and likes him best, you are only telling your friends that Henry Jones is a better boy than you are. Now, if I were in your place, instead of doing this, I would turn right about, and be a good boy myself. I'd mind every rule, and take an interest in all my lessons, and try to please my teacher, and see if I couldn't make him love me as well as Henry. Try this plan, my little friend, and see if it doesn't work well.

That day at "fifteen minutes' recess," while the majority of the school were taking a frolic out of doors in the snow, a few of the older and more sedate scholars were gathered about the stove in grave consultation.

"I like what you said this morning, Sid, first rate," said Tristram, "and I believe we might form a society like a temperance society, you know, or anti-slavery, and get the boys to join it, as many as we can, and — "

"Girls too, as to that," interrupted Sidney, "for I'm sure women use tobacco. They

snuff it," he added laughing, and suiting the action to the word, in the drollest manner imaginable, in the mean time casting sly glances at the girls on the opposite side of the stove.

"You needn't look at me," replied Anna Little. "You'd never catch me doing such a nasty thing."

"Oh, not now, Miss Little; but may be when you're an old lady, you know, and want something to please you, and don't know what to do, why, then you might. Old women never do any thing but knit and take snuff."

"I think you are not acquainted with all the old ladies, Sidney Barnes," said Miss Gilmore, with an air of offended pride. "Do you know aunt Nancy, who lives at Mrs. Osborne's? Do you know good old Grandma Sheffield, up on the hill? Do you know Miss Phebe Quin, at the lower corner? Do you know my grand mother, Sidney Barnes?"

"Oh, well, never mind Sidney's fun," said Tristram, in a conciliatory tone. "Of course *you* wouldn't use snuff now or ever; but some might, you know."

"Why, Sidney's behind the times," remarked Miss Simonson, "to think that ladies of any pretensions to refinement would take snuff, though it's not an uncommon thing for

the most elegant to use tobacco. Cigarettes are the fashion now, and dipping."

"Why, what do you mean, Bessie?" exclaimed several at once. "Do tell us."

"I can't now; there isn't time. See, the bell is just going to ring But I'll tell you one of these days. When you get the society formed, you invite me to deliver a lecture.

"By the way, Tristram," added the young lady, as she was proceeding to her desk, "you are doing well. This is a good idea of yours. I'll join your society, and I'll try to help you all I can;" and her pleasant smile and encouraging words strengthened Tristram wonderfully in his prospective undertaking.

"I will too, Tristram," said the gentle Lucy Clark, the very sweetest, loveliest girl in all the school. "I am not afraid of ever being led into using tobacco myself, but I've got brothers, you know, and if I sign the pledge, Benajah will, and Josiah, and Marcus."

The bell sounded, and a crowd of little folks, with blue noses and benumbed fingers, came rushing in, stamping their snowy feet, as they jostled and pushed their way to the stove to warm. Our young reformers, with hearts full of warmth and zeal in the benevo-

lent scheme they were projecting, retired to their seats.

"I'll draw up the pledge right off," said Tristram, "and then we'll offer it to every scholar."

"All right," replied Sidney; "and we'll carry the school, I almost know."

The boys were sanguine, as youthful hearts are apt to be.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.

By the noon intermission next day, our two boys had arranged their plans, drawn up the pledge, and Miss More's attention was presently attracted by the passing about of a sheet of foolscap among the pupils.

"What have you there, Sidney?" she inquired, pleasantly, as she was disposing the pens and copy books for use that afternoon. "Are you getting up a petition?"

"No, ma'am, a pledge," answered the boy. "We are forming a society — an anti-tobacco society."

The teacher's countenance must have expressed the surprise she felt at such an announcement, for he immediately added, as in explanation, —

"There's need enough of it, Miss More, if you only knew. Almost all our little boys are beginning to smoke or chew."

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed. "Well, my boy, go on, and do all the good you can. If you want any help, come to me."

"Yes'm, I will, and we *shall* want help by and by. Here, Nic — Nicholas Gilmore," he called to a boy just passing out of the door, "come back here. I want you."

"What for?" asked the boy, hesitating. "Here, I want you to sign this paper; come back and read it."

The child addressed was one of a class of little fellows in the school from ten to twelve years of age, as intelligent, bright boys as a teacher ever could desire. The only exception in point of age or mental activity was the before-mentioned James Lawrence, or Lazy Jim, as he was often called by his mates. He was a drone and a hinderance even among boys so much younger than himself, and Miss More had reason to fear that his moral influence was really bad. A single bad boy can do untold injury in a school, and, though the teacher be ever so vigilant, will sow the seeds of wickedness in many a tender heart.

Nicholas Gilmore, whom Sidney called at this moment, was a brother of Tristram, and was supposed to be "all right," as his brother was, on the tobacco question. But the enemy had sowed tares among the wheat.

"I don't want to read your papers nor your

pledges," said he, in a careless tone. "I know all about it, but I shan't sign."

"Stop a minute," said Sidney, advancing quickly to prevent his going out; "we don't let you off so. You ain't a-going to let it be said now of a Gilmore, that he won't sign a pledge against tobacco. Now, Nic, you know your father and mother would want you to, if they knew about it."

"But I don't care; I shan't," replied the child; "it's of no use asking, for I *won't*."

"Jim Lawrence told him this morning 'twas babyish; that's the reason he won't do it," said Charlie Moore.

"He said he wasn't going to sign away *his* liberty," added Willie Osborne.

"*I* don't see what you *want* to sign that for," says John Marshal. "If a chap wants to leave off smoking, why, let him do it; that's all."

"That's just what *I* think," rejoined Nicholas; "and when a fellow don't smoke at all, why, then, what's the use?"

By this time quite a bevy of boys were collected around Sidney in the entry. There he stood, unabashed by objections or ridicule, with his paper in one hand, and waving the other for silence among his young auditors.

"Stop a minute, boys; just hush your noise, and listen to me. Don't you know," said he, in a clear, firm tone, "that tobacco is a *poison*, and if you use it you will certainly make yourselves sick, and perhaps die? Besides, it's terrible nasty, every body knows, to be chewing and spitting around every where, and puffing smoke in decent people's faces. Who wants to be so filthy? Now, boys, you'll be better off without tobacco, you'd better believe; and as to signing this paper, it's only to promise each other that you won't use it — it's only just to find out what company you're in. You might just as well say you wouldn't have your names down on Miss More's book as her scholars. Now come, let me read it; you haven't heard it yet; you don't know what it is."

The earnestness of his tone and manner made an impression, for the boys stood very still while he read: —

"'Whereas we see with great sorrow the increased use of tobacco in this school, and believe it to be injurious and wicked, we pledge ourselves, in this way, never to smoke, chew, or take snuff, or encourage these filthy habits in any of our companions, while we belong to this school, or as long as we live.'

"Now, boys," he continued, "what is there in that to be afraid of? Those of you who think it's babyish to sign that, think it's manly to smoke, I suppose; but I tell you, it's a mistake both ways."

"So much for *your* opinion, Sidney Barnes," said a surly voice in the crowd. "Other folks have a right to *their* opinions too. Who are you, to set up for so much?" It was Jim Lawrence who spoke.

"I'll back *you*, Jim," cried Bill Gooch, coming in that moment. "Nothing like a good cigar, Sid. Didn't you ever try it, boy?"

"His ma'am wouldn't let him," said another great burly fellow, hanging up his cap. "His little mother is too nice, and pretty, and good for that," he added in a mocking tone.

"You needn't go to saying any thing against my mother, Sam Perkins, because I shan't stand it. I am glad she won't let me smoke. It's a nasty thing, and bad every way," rejoined Sidney with warmth. "Now, you big boys can go along, and if you choose to smoke, why, smoke. But it's a shame for you to try to make these little fellows as bad as you are. Let them alone to do as they wish."

"And as their mothers tell them to," added Perkins, in his sneering way.

"Well, good boys always do that," said little Marcus Clark. "It's only bad boys that don't, and they always come to some bad end, my teacher says."

"Marcus *was* a smart boy, and learned his lesson well, didn't he?" replied his big schoolmate, taking him up by his ears; "and now, for a reward, I'll show him where the Dutchman put his money."

"Let my brother alone, or there'll be trouble, Sam Perkins," said Benajah. "I'll see to him. We're all going to sign that pledge, Sidney, and we'll keep it too. No tobacco for us." Benajah Clark was as grave and steady as a man.

"I'll sign too," said another voice. "And I," "And I," shouted others.

And while these were writing their names, the opposing party retired to laugh and scoff as they pleased. But gibes and jeers never harm any but those who use them, and our little band of reformers were strong and courageous as before. Perhaps more so; for the opposition which intimidates the weak always makes the brave and good more determined and energetic.

"You'll sign — shan't you, Willie?" cried Sidney, as with amazement he saw the son of

his pastor pushing his way into the school room with these unprincipled boys. "Don't go with that set, Willie; now don't," said he in a persuasive tone; "come, give us your name."

"No, I shan't, Sidney. I don't want to. I can't to-day any way. By and by, perhaps I will;" and he hurried away with a flushed face and agitated manner, which seemed to say very plainly that he was not doing right. No wonder the boys were surprised that he, of all others, should be reluctant to participate in the enterprise.

"What's got into Willie?" exclaimed Benajah. "I'm sure he don't act like himself."

CHAPTER IX.

REV. MR. OSBORNE'S TEA TABLE.

Willie was himself conscious that he was taking a wrong step — doing something that would not bear investigation. That was the reason he ran into school so fast. His refusal to sign the offered pledge was not that he did not comprehend it. No, indeed; though he was scarcely ten years old, there was nothing that interested his schoolmates that he could not understand as well as they. There was nothing dull or stupid about *him*. Why, they say, at seven years he had read all the books in his father's library, excepting those monstrous theological works on the upper shelf. And though a country clergyman's library is not usually very large, yet it was quite a remarkable achievement for such a child. He had studied ancient and modern geography, and ancient and modern history, and Latin, and Hebrew, and nobody knows what else. In fact, he had done too much reading, and too little playing. If he had studied less, and skated and coasted more, I believe he

would have been a better boy. But this only proves that it was not stupidity that hindered his signing that pledge.

Neither was it ignorance of his duty. He had a well-instructed conscience, and knew well enough what was right and wrong in the matter. He was an only child, and had the advantage of all the efforts that father and mother both could put forth for his moral education; and his father being a minister, it is to be supposed he was as instant in season and out of season in his teachings to his son as to his flock generally.

What, then, could have induced the child to hear that pledge read by the zealous Sidney, and to pass on without subscribing to it? Can't you guess? Why, the child hadn't *moral courage* enough to write his name on that paper. He knew it was right; but Jim Lawrence had made fun of the "old granny society," as he called it, and would laugh at any boy that joined it. The other big boys would laugh at him, too, and Willie couldn't bear to be laughed at. Silly fellow! Didn't he know, with all his shrewdness, that those who laughed hurt themselves more than any one else? It never hurts any one to be laughed at. Why, you can always smile

pleasantly back again, when any body makes sport of you, particularly when he makes fun of your doing right, and say, "Oh, I don't care if you do laugh; it doesn't hurt me one bit." Be courageous, and your courage will be to you like a coat of mail, which will prevent the shafts of scorn and ridicule from piercing you; and like a shield, too, from which such shafts will rebound into the very heart of the enemy.

It is my private opinion that there was another reason for Willie's conduct, especially as he was heard to say to one of the boys, that "signing the pledge was as much as to say you used tobacco, and were going to reform."

"Well, Willie, my son," said Mr. Osborne, at the tea table that evening, "what have you been doing at school to-day?" It was a question often asked, for Willie's father was always solicitous about the progress of his promising child in his studies.

But Willie, a little uneasy in his conscience at what had occurred that afternoon, forgetting all about his lessons, rather doggedly replied, "They have been making an anti-tobacco society, I believe."

"A what?" exclaimed his mother, in astonishment.

Willie repeated what he had said.

"What is that for, my son?" inquired his father, with no less surprise. "It seems to me that's strange work — foreign to intellectual pursuits. Whose proposition was it?"

"I don't know, sir, any thing about it, only Tristram Gilmore and Sidney Barnes started it."

"Good boys, good boys they are," said Mr. Osborne, partly talking to himself. "We can't suspect mischief where they take the lead. Does Miss More approve the movement?" he asked, turning to Willie. "I should be sorry to have any thing occur to divert the attention of the scholars from their lessons."

"I didn't hear her say any thing about it," said the boy.

"Did you join, dear?" asked aunt Nancy, looking across the table at Willie pretty sharply. "I hope you did."

"Why, of course, aunt Nancy," said Mrs. Osborne, in her haste preventing a reply from the child. "Willie, of course, would join — that is, if it is all right. He'll never wish to use tobacco."

Aunt Nancy looked at Mrs. Osborne, and

smiled significantly, and then at Willie, whose cheeks had begun to grow a little red.

"*Did you*, dear?" she persisted.

"I should hope *my* son would always be found on the side of right," remarked Mr. Osborne, again intercepting the boy's answer. "I don't know about this thing, but I presume it must be all right, for I know those two boys too well to suppose they would do any thing disorderly in school. A special need has suggested so extraordinary an undertaking, without doubt. Willie, to-morrow ascertain if Miss More approves it, and find out from the boys what led them to think of forming such a society. Do you hear, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

But aunt Nancy wasn't satisfied, nor was she to be put off. Looking over her spectacles again across the table at Willie, she repeated distinctly her question,—

"Willie, dear, did you join?"

There was no getting off this time. The child had very willingly shielded himself behind his mother's and father's remarks, and flattered himself he should get rid of the question. But no; aunt Nancy had her rea-

sons for wanting a direct answer, and Willie, however unwillingly, had to say, —

"No, ma'am."

His parents both looked at him in surprise.

"Why not?" asked both.

"Oh, I didn't see the use of it," said the boy, without looking up from his plate. He was very intent on his biscuit and butter.

"Were you fearful it was not in order?" asked the methodical father. "I don't know, but I *think* there can be nothing wrong about it, and unless there is such a reason, I would have you join at once. You know, my son, I consider the use of tobacco pernicious to body and mind, and, for *religious* considerations, we should never use it."

"Why, it isn't wicked, father, to use it — is it?"

"I deem it so."

"Well, 'most all your church members are wicked, then. Why don't you preach about it?"

This was a poser. Mr. Osborne never used tobacco himself, because, as he said, he considered his body as "the temple of the Holy Ghost, and he could not defile or injure it without sinning against God." But he had never publicly expressed his sentiments on

the subject, nor preached against a practice so prevalent and so destructive among his own people and throughout the civilized community. His sense of refinement, and his estimate of clerical dignity, forbade his introducing such a subject into the pulpit. He hardly knew what to say to this potent announcement from his little boy. He succeeded, however, in remarking, that "his church fell far below the right standard of living, to his great sorrow, but that the short-comings of others furnished no suitable reason for our wrong-doing."

"Why, Willie," said his mother, unintentionally, yet opportunely, coming to her husband's help, "I should have thought you would have been the first one to join, to-day. You are the minister's son, and his representative, as it were, Willie, and you should honor your father, and his teachings, by being prompt and decided in favor of what is right."

Willie didn't look straight up in his mother's face, as an honest boy would have done, as he received this advice, but turned his head away, moving restlessly on his chair; and the moment she had finished, he jumped

up and ran away. He didn't notice how closely aunt Nancy was observing him.

As the door closed after him, she turned to Mrs. Osborne, and in a low voice said, —

"Sarah, there's some good reason why Willie didn't join, dear. He uses tobacco himself. He chews, dear."

"Why, aunt Nancy!" exclaimed her auditor, starting from her seat. "What do you mean? *My Willie?* Never!"

"I think so, dear. Now you watch him, and you'll find out. Don't say any thing to him, nor tell him that I told you so, for you know I love Willie, dear. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, dear — not for the world. But I've had suspicions lately, dear;" and the affectionate old lady shook her head gravely.

Mrs. Osborne was astonished and grieved beyond measure, but determined to be on the alert to ascertain the truth, and in time to prevent a great evil.

CHAPTER X.

FARMER CLARK'S KITCHEN.

The Clark boys went home brimful of the new society. They entered heart and soul into the enterprise, and were bold and straightforward in their appeals to their schoolmates to help it forward.

The table was spread for supper as they entered the large, old-fashioned kitchen of the substantial farm house. Mrs. Clark, the kindest and most motherly of mothers, exerted herself daily to provide a hearty welcome for her little family when they returned from school. "To walk two miles to school and two miles back this cold weather, and to put up with a cold bite at noon, was enough," she said, "and they must always have a good hot supper waiting for them when they got back."

This family did not properly belong to the central district, and attended school there only by special permission. Lucy had been a member of Miss More's school during the summer, and, like the rest, had become very

much attached to her as a teacher and a friend. Good Mrs. Clark had formed a very exalted opinion of the young teacher, and when she learned that she was engaged at Campfield Corner through the winter, could not rest until all her children were placed under her care. Mr. Clark, a very worthy, pious man, who admired a Christian spirit wherever he saw it, was very well pleased with this arrangement. He had often been heard to say that he had but one desire for his children, and that was, that they might be found in the ways of righteousness, and he would "joyfully go in for any body or any thing that would help them along." So the permission was obtained by the payment of tuition for them; and punctual as the morning, the red cheeks and sparkling eyes of the four young Clarks helped to light up the pleasant school room.

The hot toast and rye mush, with a bonnie dish of baked apples, were placed smoking on the table, and as they satisfied their eager appetites the boys began as eagerly to relate the adventures of the day.

"What do you think, 'pa?" said little Marcus; "we are going to have an anti-tobacco society down to school. And we've all joined,

'pa, and Sam Perkins made fun of us, and the other big boys did too."

"What is it for?" asked the mother, turning to Lucy.

"Tristram and Sidney started it," she replied, "because they say that 'most all the little boys in school are getting to use tobacco, and they felt sorry to have such a bad habit spreading so, and they are trying to prevent it."

"They wrote a pledge just like a temperance pledge," said Josiah, "and we put our names to it."

"Jim Lawrence makes all manner of fun of it," added Marcus, "and he's mad about it too. I don't see why."

"Bad folks always get angry with good people — don't they, 'pa?" asked Benajah. "Isn't that the reason he feels so?"

"It is often so, my son, especially when any effort is made right against their bad practices."

"James Lawrence smokes awfully," continued Benajah, "and he's never without a chunk of tobacco in his mouth — never."

"Ah, yes, he begins to show its effects upon his health," remarked Mrs. Clark. "He is very pale and miserable looking. I shouldn't

think he could live long at this rate. Oh, boys, I do hope you will be good boys, and never do such naughty things. How bad I should feel if either of you were like him!"

"He's got a horrid temper, any how," said Josiah. "Why, don't you think, 'ma, he doubled up his fist right in our Lucy's face to-day, just because she said she wished she could persuade him to sign this pledge; and he said he'd fight any body that dared to say another word to him about that —"

"You mustn't tell 'ma what he said, Si," interrupted Marcus. "Isn't it wicked, 'ma, for us to say the wicked words the other boys use?"

"Certainly, dear. You oughtn't to repeat bad words even in telling a story. I am glad you are particular about that."

"But, oh, 'ma," continued Si, "you don't know, you can't think, what an awful bad boy Jim is. Why, he swears like every thing, and he never does what a fellow wants him to. I don't see, for my part, what he comes to school for."

"I do believe," said Benajah, "it's just to do mischief. He behaves well enough to Miss More, better than he ever did before to a

teacher — so they say. But out of school he s dreadful."

"Well, my son," said his father, "try to do him all the good you can. Watch and pray lest you are led into temptation yourselves, and try as hard as you can to offset and prevent his mischief among the boys. Remember the Bible way is, to overcome evil with good; that is, you must make your good influence so strong as to overpower his evil influence. What does Miss More say to this society?"

"Oh, she likes it first rate. She told Sidney to go on and get all the names he could, and then she promised him she would deliver some lectures for us."

"Yes," said Lucy, "their plan is to have weekly meetings in school on Thursday afternoons, and Miss More is going to give us six lectures on the subject."

"That will keep you in very late after school — won't it?" asked the mother.

"No'm — she thought of that. She is not going to keep us in, for she said it would make it too tiresome for the little ones, and we shouldn't get home till after dark. But she's going to give the last half hour to that."

"That's first rate," said the farmer. "I like her ways of doing things. She's always

instructing the scholars in something good. I'd like to go down and hear her myself."

"So should I. Let's go down, father, in the sleigh, some afternoon," replied the mother, with a beam of great satisfaction in her eye. "We can go down to bring the children home, and just happen in, and hear her."

"Oh, that's nice — oh, do — goodey, goodey!" cried little Marcus in ecstasy, jumping up from the table — not altogether in glee, little reader. He had finished his supper, and had his pet rabbits to feed and put to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

WELL DONE.

THURSDAY morning, an hour before school time, found Tristram and Sidney in consultation together, beside the glowing stove in the school room. They were examining their roll of names, framing the constitution and by-laws of the society, and otherwise concluding the preparations for their first meeting.

The before-mentioned sheet of foolscap paper lay before them, soiled and crumpled, schoolboy fashion, but, withal, presenting, in their estimation, a most satisfactory and encouraging aspect. The pledge, to which we have already listened, headed the paper, written in a fair, legible hand. The composition, though it might have been criticised by a mature, business mind, was creditable in the highest degree to their unaccustomed brains, and particularly to the ardent young hearts that prompted it. Twenty-two names out of the forty-three members of the school were appended. Some, written neatly and distinctly, indicated that the majority of the

older scholars countenanced the effort. Then followed crooked lines and misshapen letters, and names that scarcely could be recognized by the owners themselves. Some were even in printed letters, and others bore evidence of having been first traced in pencil by an experienced hand. The inspection, however, proved highly gratifying to the two boys.

"We have done well," said Tristram.

"Better than I expected, ever so much," responded Sidney.

"You see there are ten babies in school that don't know their right hand from their left —"

"Of course they couldn't sign — it wouldn't be of any use to ask them," interrupted Sidney.

"No, but I was going to say, I think we ought to let them stay at the meetings, and perhaps Miss More will make them understand about it. Then, by the time school is over, perhaps they will know enough about it to take the pledge. Really now, Sid, if we could get every name in the school, wouldn't it be fine?"

"Of course we can't do that; 'tis no use trying. You couldn't make Bill Gooch and Sam Perkins, nor Jim Lawrence, give up tobacco, if you were to try for ever. They wouldn't

give up, just out of spite. Oh, they are so mad, and make such fun, and call us 'priests,' and 'stick-ups,' and 'upper crust,' and all sorts of names."

"I'm sure I don't care for their talk — do you?" said Tristram. "We are on the right side, and father says, that when we *know* we are right, we needn't be afraid if the whole world is against us. All we've got to do is to keep straight on, and we shall be sure to come out on the top of the heap."

"Then there's foolish Luther — he's nothing any way; and Josh Little, you won't catch him to give up his chewing. I don't believe that boy has been without a paper of 'honey-dew' in his pocket these two years."

"What a shame it is! I declare it makes me feel real bad to see such a bright, pretty boy as he is, doing such things. He's a real clever fellow, but there's no religion nor any thing to help him at home. His parents don't seem to care what he does."

"How comes it that Anna is pious, Tris? I don't see how it happened, for I know Mr. Little and his wife both make fun of religion."

"Why, don't you know? She was converted last summer in school; and I do believe

she's a real Christian too. She's a splendid girl, I think."

Sidney gave his companion a comical look, and with a whistle began again to examine the paper before him, as if to see what other names were missing.

"There's Willie Osborne," said he; "I wonder why he won't put his name down Don't you think it's queer?"

"Well, I've mistrusted lately that he has been led away by some of these bad boys. Jim and Josh, I think, have both got hold of him. You see he's the minister's son, and if they can only get him to do something bad, why, then they crow. I'm real sorry."

The other boys and their various reasons for withholding their names were discussed, and our friends finally concluded that they would at least urge all to attend Miss More's lecture.

"For they may get convinced," said Sidney, "and then by and by join."

"I have more hope in prevention than in cure, after all," remarked Tristram. "I have heard that it is very hard to reform tobacco-users — as hard as it is to reform a drunkard."

Still they determined to do their utmost. Nor were they alone. The young ladies were

as interested and active as themselves. They had already urged the subject upon each one of the opposing party, and made especial endeavors with the little boys to persuade them to go to the meetings, if nothing else. But, alas for the stubbornness of the young offenders! the wise counsels of the pretty Miss Simonson, the persuasions of gentle Lucy Clark, the sarcasms of Miss Gilmore, and the up-and-down declaration of Anna Little, that if they refused they would no longer be considered gentlemen, alike failed to move them. Still there was hope that in the course of time, especially if Miss More's addresses on the subject proved popular, they might be brought in and conquered.

The boys had obtained a blank book, in which was written their plan of operations, which, by advice from head quarters, was very simple. They were to have their meeting at noon, to organize themselves into a society, choose officers, &c. We can easily guess who those said officers will be.

When the school convened, a very neatly printed programme — considering it was executed with a pen — was found posted in front of the teacher's desk. It read thus: —

Miss A. B. More
will deliver a lecture,
this afternoon,
in this school room,
at half past four o'clock.
Subject — *Tobacco.*

A meeting for the organization of the society will be held at one o'clock.

Miss More smiled as she came into school, and saw herself so conspicuously placarded.

"It's the first time," she remarked laughingly, "that I have been advertised as a lecturer. A woman too! Some may think I am stepping out of my sphere. Dear! how fluttered I shall be!"

At this the little ones laughed, as though any thing would flutter their calm, quiet schoolmistress; and the large ones smiled at the idea that they were advocating "woman's rights" in the new movement. All seemed excited and joyful, as if some thrilling occasion was at hand.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HISTORY OF A WEED.

Never did public speaker have a more cordial welcome than did Miss More, that Thursday afternoon, from her little congregation. Their demonstration was only in beaming eyes and quiet demeanor; but that was enough. She felt that her effort would be received attentively, and she prayed that it might be with lasting good.

"Boys and girls," she said, "it gives me more than usual pleasure to speak to you this afternoon, for I am to address you on a subject of your own choosing. I am glad to see among you such an earnest purpose to do good, and that your attention has been turned in the direction of this great evil, which is certainly one of the most wide-spread and devastating that we know. Your endeavors, I trust, will not prove a failure.

"I do not want my lecture to be stiff and formal, like a sermon. I much prefer it to be a pleasant, familiar talk. So that, if, in the course of my remarks, a question should occur

to you, or you should be able to give me any additional information on the subject before us, I wish you to raise the hand, and I will give you opportunity to speak.

"My subject to-day will be the History of Tobacco.

"It is a plant, which grows from three to six feet in hight. The name is supposed to have been taken from Tobago, one of the West India islands, where it grows abundantly. Others think it is derived from *tobaco*, the name of a pipe formerly used in Virginia.

"It is cultivated extensively throughout all the countries of the temperate zones, and is so largely used as to have become a very important commodity in commerce.

"Tobacco was introduced into Spain, from this western world, soon after its discovery by Columbus, and from Spain found its way into Portugal, and then into the other European kingdoms. Sir Walter Raleigh was the earliest patron of it, and its most extravagant consumer in England. It is related of him, that on one occasion, he was enjoying quietly in his apartment his favorite pipe, when a servant, entering, saw his master surrounded by volumes of smoke. Ignorant of the cause, and alarmed at seeing the gentleman, as he

supposed, on fire, he rushed from the room to procure water, with which he completely drenched the distinguished lover of smoke. Whether it was received as a joke, or the servant was punished for perpetrating such an indignity, we are not informed.

"On its first introduction most astonishing accounts were given of its remarkable virtue as a medicine, and thus it obtained general favor, and rapidly passed into use among all classes in the community. There were persons, however, in the olden time, as now, who denounced it. In some parts of Switzerland, the public authorities at one time placed the prohibition of smoking among the ten commandments. Two hundred years ago its use was forbidden in Russia, on penalty of having the nose cut off. In Constantinople every Turk who was caught in the indecent act of smoking was conducted in ridicule through the streets, seated on an ass, his face turned toward the animal's tail, and a pipe thrust through his nose. But alas, since those days public opinion has sadly degenerated in all these countries!

"King James I. wrote in a most lively and amusing manner against tobacco. 'Were I to invite the devil to dinner,' he says, 'he

should have three dishes; first, a pig; second, a poll and ling of mustard; and third, a pipe of tobacco for his digesture.' He closes his remarkable essay in these words: 'It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, horrid perfumes thereof nearest resembling the smoke of the pit that is bottomless.'

"There is a striking fact connected with the history of tobacco, which I must relate to you. The first colony in Jamestown, Virginia, was composed entirely of men. They cultivated tobacco extensively, and derived great profit from its exportation. After some years they came to the conclusion that they should be much happier, more industrious, and moral, if they had female society. They needed homes and families before they could feel really settled and contented in the new country. They accordingly sent to the motherland to ask for a reënforcement to be sent to them, to consist of young women. A company of ninety, of respectable character, though of humble circumstances, was at once sent to them, and each planter who wanted a wife made his choice, and paid for her with one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco. Just

think of it! The first human beings sold in Virginia were wives for the planters, and paid for in tobacco! The next year sixty or seventy more were sent out, but the price was advanced to one hundred and fifty pounds. The tobacco was sold in England to defray the expenses of their outfit and voyage. This is the history of the first women in Virginia, from whom have descended some of our most distinguished scholars and statesmen.

"Tobacco is a terrible poison, one of the most deadly in the vegetable kingdom."

Here a hand was raised.

"Miss More," asked Josiah Clark, "what do you suppose God made it for?"

"We are taught," was the reply, "that every thing has been made with benevolent design on the part of the Creator, and we have no reason to doubt it. The tobacco plant must, therefore, be good in its place among the herbs of the field. Poisonous plants are medicinal. This one is highly so, and is therefore needed by man. But it should not, therefore, be inferred that it was designed for daily use, any more than hemlock, prussic acid, thorn-apple, or any other virulent poison. Its effect is to stupefy, to lull pain, to quiet the nerves; and people have used it in this way

until they have become so accustomed to it, that they love and crave it, and have not resolution to do without it.

"My next lecture will be on the different methods of preparing and consuming this dreadful poison, most generally styled by its opposers 'the filthy weed.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

A TIMELY SCRUBBING.

Since aunt Nancy had intimated to Mrs. Osborne the possibility that Willie had become infected with the bad habits of the schoolboys, the devoted mother had been on the alert to ascertain the truth. Discretion suggested that she should not put the question direct, lest the child in his weakness be tempted to tell a lie. She therefore resolved to watch closely; and what child can elude, for any length of time, the scrutinizing observation of an anxious mother?

Her first inquiry was, if he had remained to hear Miss More's address. He had not. Still his mother did not reprove or remonstrate with him. She expressed no surprise and no wish on the subject. She waited until a fitting opportunity should offer to talk with him seriously and authoritatively; and she had not to wait many days.

Saturday, the grand play-day of the children, had come, and Willie obtained permission to go coasting with the boys. The coasting

ground was about a mile from the house, on the declivity of what was familiarly styled "the hill," that designation being sufficient to indicate the only rising ground within a circuit of many miles. This was the favorite rendezvous for the boys of Campfield Corner on the winter holidays. No matter how fast it snowed, how swift the wind, or keen the frosty air, — these hardy, rustic lads, with warm comforters and mittens, and pockets stuffed with gingerbread and apples, found rare sport with their sleds and skates on the hill and adjacent pond. They brought the dry brush from the woods, and kindled fires to keep their feet and hands from being frost-bitten; and great was the fun and unsparing the shouts and merriment on those weekly occasions.

Willie Osborne did not often go on these excursions. He was a boy of rather delicate organization, and, being an only child, was cared for with a more tender solicitude than his companions generally. Besides, he had not the taste which most boys have for outdoor sports. He did not enter into them with such a relish as his rough and ready classmates, Nicholas and Josiah, the stout, hearty farmer's boys that they were. He preferred

to spend the time in his father's library, conning some of the big books, which the others would without regret have seen consigned to the flames. On his little low seat, beside the old-fashioned Franklin stove, he could sit for hours, wandering with some gifted writer over the mountains and vales of the Holy Land, deciphering the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian monuments, or exploring the wastes of the vast American continent. Sometimes, however, he could be induced to take his ball, or kite, or sled, and join his companions.

What the inducement on this occasion was, we can not say; but, after breakfast, he took down his sled, and asked his mother if he might go up on the hill.

"Why, yes, Willie; I'm glad to have you go," she replied; "it will do you good. It's a mild, pleasant day, and you can stay till dinner time, if you like;" and filling the pockets of his stout overcoat with substantial goodies, the kind mother bade him depart in peace.

It was near dinner time when Willie's step was heard at the outer door; and the shambling noise of the sled, as he dragged it to its accustomed place in the shed, told that his play

was ended. Pretty soon he put his head inside the sitting room.

"Is father in?" he asked.

"In his study, dear," answered aunt Nancy from her chimney corner.

"Is dinner ready?"

"Not quite," replied his mother, who was sitting by the window at work; "but come in, Willie, come in; I want to see you."

Willie came in and stood by the fire.

"What's the matter, child?"

"Nothing."

"Haven't you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes 'm."

"What do you want to do?—any thing in particular?"

"Nothing—much," said Willie, in that ambiguous, boyish style which always seems to mean, I do want to do something in particular, but I don't choose to tell what it is.

"Well, come here, Willie," continued his mother. "It seems to me you don't act just right. You don't like to stay where mother is so well as you used to. What's got into you, child? You used to come and tell me all about your plays, where you had been, and what happened to you; but now, lately, you haven't done so at all. I don't like to have

my little boy grow away from his mother. What's the matter, Willie? You are not afraid of mother — are you?"

"No," he answered, still standing with a sort of indifferent manner, with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him. His mother observed that he had something in his mouth, which he cautiously rolled about, and evidently wanted to get rid of. Then he turned round and spit.

"What are you chewing, Willie? You know I don't like to have you chew gum and such things, like the other boys. What have you got?"

"Nothing — much," was the reply; and Willie made a desperate effort, and ejected the quid from his mouth upon the glowing embers. Aunt Nancy followed the movement with her eyes, and drew her own conclusions.

"Come here, my son. I want to see you. Come right here by my side."

The boy advanced, and his mother put out her arm and drew him close to her.

"Now tell me, dear," said she, "have you had a good time to-day? Who was up on the hill with you? Was the coasting good? Tell me all about it."

"'Most all the boys were there," he an-

swered. "Yes, we had a good time enough — 'twan't very cold."

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the mother, who, while the boy was giving his answer, directed her gaze to his lips. "What *can* ail you?" she cried. Springing from her seat, and suddenly drawing his head under her arm, she turned toward the light, and, opening his jaws, looked full into his mouth. The movement was so sudden, and her hold so firm, that the boy could make no resistance.

"Why, Willie," she fairly screamed, "what have you been eating? Your lips are all covered, and your teeth and tongue, with some nasty-looking brown juice. Your teeth are fairly black. Tell me, child, right off; tell me."

But the poor fellow happened to be in such position that he couldn't very well speak; nor did he need to, for, at that instant catching the fumes of his breath, she exclaimed, "Tobacco! tobacco! the child's been chewing tobacco, as true as I live — the nasty stuff! Aunt Nancy, Abigail, here, quick, help me, quick! I must scour him out — his filthy mouth!" and, suiting the action to the word,

she dragged the helpless boy, with jaws still extended, to the sink in the kitchen.

Aunt Nancy followed with her knitting dangling in her fingers, astounded at such vociferous demonstrations on the part of the usually staid and dignified Mrs. Osborne, and more than half suspecting it was a well-feigned excitement, intended for the special impression and benefit of the young victim.

Abigail hastened from the boiling pot, whence she was abstracting a savory chicken, to attend the unusual calls of her mistress; and James, the man of all work, coming in from the yard very opportunely at that moment, sprang to the rescue.

"Abigail! water — soap — towels — quick! — a brush — get me his tooth-brush, nail-brush, scrubber, any thing. Hurry, quick — the brown soap, any thing! Oh, fill his mouth — plaster it in — the nasty, filthy stuff! Hold him, James! hold his mouth open, head back — fast, James!" cried Mrs. Osborne, in a perfect tempest of excitement; and hastily throwing a towel around the boy, and rolling up her sleeves, she entered upon the cleansing operation.

"Good gracious! Miss Osborne, what *is* the matter? You're goin' on drefful," said Abi-

A TIMELY SCRUBBING.

gail, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry at the strange catastrophe.

"Has he hurt hisself, Miss Osborne?" ventured to inquire James, holding the struggling boy in his firm grasp. "Has he got the toothache? What ails you, Willie?"

"Tobacco! James, tobacco!" eagerly resumed Mrs. Osborne. "*Our* boy, *our* Willie, chewing pigtail!—had his mouth full—teeth all black—tongue all dirty—breath—ah! bah! shall I ever get it clean?" And in went the soap and the dripping brush, until the child's mouth looked like a shaving pot, and he was nearly strangled in his efforts to resist the offensive application.

"Hold still, child, hold still," she exclaimed; "soap's clean, but tobacco isn't! Ah, the dirty, poison stuff! Hold still; I'll scrub it off if I can. There, now, rinse your mouth; rinse it well; gargle the water in your throat;" and the mother, suffering the flurry to subside, sank into a chair. The three witnesses stood by amazed.

"If ever I seed sich a time!" said Miss Abigail, as she returned, laughing, to her cooking stove.

"Soap's healthy; they say it cures bile," remarked James, dryly, as he proceeded to his

ordinary routine of business; "but I declare 'taint so pleasant to have it chucked down your throat at that rate."

"Rinse it well, Willie," said his mother; "take plenty of water — three, four, a dozen times."

There was no need of that exhortation, for more rinsings and garglings than could be counted were necessary to take the taste of that strong, coarse soap out of the poor child's mouth. At last, after gaspings and swallowings innumerable, he recovered his speech, while tears of anger, fright, surprise, or shame, or perhaps all together, flowed freely down his cheeks.

"You're too bad, mother; you 'most killed me. 'Twan't pigtail at all — 'twas honey-dew."

"'Twas *tobacco*, child, *tobacco;* that's what it was, and that's enough. No matter what the name is; no matter how much they honey and sweeten it up; 'twas tobacco, the filthy, poisonous weed, in my Willie's mouth. What *do* you think father'll say?"

That was an unanswerable question. Willie didn't like even to think about it. So his mother, who, by this time, had resumed her usual tranquillity, wiped the boy's face, and

leading him back to the sitting room, answered it for him.

"He'll say, Willie, that he is ashamed, mortified, that a child of his should do such a coarse, vulgar, dirty thing. He'll say, that he is grieved that you, knowing what his opinion and practice are about the use of tobacco, should go contrary to his wishes, and disobey and dishonor him by chewing it. He'll be surprised, perfectly astonished, that, after what was said upon the subject only the other night, you should slyly and deceitfully commit such a fault. Willie, he'll understand now, and so shall I, why you did not join the society in school, and why you were not willing to remain and hear your teacher's lecture. O Willie, my son, my dear child, I would not have believed it possible that *you* should have acted so wickedly." The mother was silent, and her face was sad. Willie stood looking earnestly into the fire, the big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"How long have you chewed, Willie?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't know, 'ma; ever so long."

"Where do you get your tobacco?"

"The boys give it to me."

"What boys?"

"James Lawrence and Joshua Little."

"Do you love it, Willie?"

"I didn't at first, but now I do pretty well."

"What made you chew it at first?"

"Why, the boys laughed at me, and said I was such a baby I wouldn't dare to without asking my mother; and so I did it just to show 'em I didn't care; and then I always did it when they gave me any."

"What boys laughed at you?"

"Why, Josh and Jim."

"Are they good boys?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I don't think they are, very."

"Which ought you to care for the most, Willie, these naughty boys, or your mother?"

"I know I ought to care for you most."

"Do you think you ought to let such boys influence you? Now I wish to have you associate with good boys, like Benajah Clark, and Josiah and Nicholas Gilmore."

"Nicholas chews, too, and to-day they made him smoke a cigar. It made him real sick."

"What a pity it is that you and Nicholas should associate with such naughty boys, and that you should prefer them to those you know to be good! It makes me think of the little bird we saw last summer, charmed by

the evil eye of the cat, until it fell right down into her jaws. So, if you listen to tempting, bad boys, you will surely fall into their snare. You see that you have done it already. You must be bold and positive, Willie, against wrong, and learn to say no, when you are tempted; and, above all, never fear being laughed at."

A hasty knock at the door at that moment was heard, and the next instant Tristram Gilmore rushed into the room.

"Mrs. Osborne, mother wants to know if you'll come up to our house, right away. Nicholas is sick, dreadful sick; we don't know but he'll die, and nobody can tell what's the matter with him."

With true neighborly kindness she threw on her shawl and hood, and giving aunt Nancy hasty directions while she strapped on her snow moccasins, she left Abigail's inviting dinner smoking upon the table, and hurried up the street to Squire Gilmore's.

Here a counterpart to the scene which had just taken place awaited her.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER FLURRY.

On a couch in the pleasant sitting room at Squire Gilmore's lay Nicholas. The bright sun shone in at the low windows, but he heeded it not. The fire glowed in the open stove, but it brought no cheer for him. With eyes closed and lips compressed, the child tossed restlessly from side to side, at short intervals violently vomiting. The sheet that covered him was not whiter than his usually ruddy cheeks, nor the ice that hung over the windows more cold than his hands and feet. He groaned with pain, started and twitched convulsively, and a cold sweat stood on his pale forehead.

His mother leaned over him, trembling with anxiety and alarm; every body in the house was astir to do something, they scarcely knew what; and the neighbors, hearing of the boy's sudden illness, were rapidly gathering with offers of assistance.

"Oh, Mrs. Osborne, what shall I do?" exclaimed the poor, frightened mother. "I've

sent for Dr. Moore, but he's away over to the pine woods to see old Mrs. Jones — she's very low. There's no knowing when he'll be back, and I don't know what to do for Coly. Oh, dear! I wish I knew what was the matter with him — he acts so strange."

"He was just as well as could be this morning," said Tristram. "He was out sliding with the boys."

"Did you go up this morning with them?" asked Mrs. Osborne, addressing Tristram.

"No, ma'am; I had something to do for father, and I couldn't get off. But lots of boys went."

"Did Sidney Barnes go — do you know?"

"No 'm; he waited to go with me this afternoon."

"He was smart and chipper as could be when he went off this morning," remarked Dolly, the "help," as she came in with warm water for his feet. "Whatever's happened, mercy knows, that he should be strick down so sudden."

Mrs. Osborne had a key which she fancied would unlock the mystery at once. Willie's remark had enlightened her. But not wishing to forestall the opinions of the doctor, or the confessions of the child, and believing

that he was not in a dangerous condition, she remained silent, and busied herself in doing what she could in the emergency. In the mean time the child's sickness increased, and after every exertion he would sink back in deathly faintness upon his pillow.

"I never saw a child so faint," said his mother. "'Tis this that frightens me."

All that household pharmacy and neighborly kindness could prompt was brought for his relief, but without avail. It was with the greatest joy that the sleigh bells of the doctor were heard at the gate, and the squire, who had been absent from home on business, came in at the same moment.

The doctor, with the coolness characteristic of his profession, marched up to the stove, took off his gloves, unbuttoned his coat, and sat down to warm his feet, at the same time with apparent carelessness surveying the scene. Life or death didn't seem to trouble him much.

The father, alarmed at the change in his cheerful home during his brief absence, and not knowing how to interpret the pale, distressed looks of his wife, hastened to the couch, and commenced an examination for himself.

"Coly, my son, what's the matter with you? What's made you sick?" he asked, leaning over the couch.

There was no response. The child only turned away his face from his father, and passed his hands restlessly over his head.

"He hasn't spoken since he came home," said the mother. "He just threw himself down on the floor, and cried, 'Oh, dear! I feel so bad!' and that is every word he has said."

"Can it be scarlet fever, doctor?" asked the anxious father. "My brother's little boy was taken just so last week."

"May be. What had he for breakfast this morning, Mrs. Osborne?"

"He ate a simple breakfast, as usual, doctor, and not much of a meal either, he was in such a hurry to get away."

"Where has he been?"

"Up on the hill, sliding."

"With whom?"

"All the boys."

"Some mischief going on, perhaps," suggested the doctor. "There's some roguish little scamps among the boys here." Happening at that moment to look up, he encountered the speaking eyes of Mrs. Osborne,

which seemed to say that he had struck the right lead. So he went on.

"Nic," he asked, in his blunt, rough way, "what did you do up there? Tell me all about it now: it won't hurt you to talk a bit. Let on now, and let's have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What did you do up there?"

"Nothing — much: I slid," said the child, hesitatingly.

"Of course — but between whiles — what did you do then? Eat any thing?"

"Ate an apple; that's all."

"Hem! No nuts nor raisins?"

"No."

"What did you drink? Brandy — whisky — gin — egg-nog? What did you have that was good?"

"Nothing," answered the child, tartly.

"What did you chew? Gum — India rubber? Perhaps you have swallowed a piece of rubber. Boys do sometimes. A boy over to Sampville swallowed a piece the other day. 'Twasn't a very big piece neither, but 'twas the death of him. Shall have to get the stomach pump to you. Nothing else will do for that."

"I haven't done any such thing," cried the

child, evidently as terrified as the doctor meant he should be.

"Tobacco, then," persisted the doctor. "That's just as bad — a rank poison — makes you deathly sick. All fixed up, nowadays, for boys and young gentry. Call it 'solace,' 'honey-dew,' all the fancy names, squire. They sugar it up, but the *poison's* there just the same. Come, own up, my boy. Been eating the stuff?"

No answer; but a tossing of the head and fearful vomiting ensued, and the child fell back on his pillow exhausted and ghastly.

"Answer the doctor, my child," said the father, after an interval. "It is necessary for us to know the truth." At the same time, he had such implicit confidence in the integrity of his son, that he never doubted for one moment that his reply would be satisfactory.

"It makes boys have convulsions sometimes," continued the doctor — "horrid spasms — makes 'em sick as death, and sets their flesh creeping all over 'em. But I know what to give you. A right smart dose of ipecac will straighten you out."

"Oh, don't," cried the child, "don't. I didn't chew a bit to-day — not a bit."

"Then you smoked, I'll bet a dollar. Come, now, I know it's tobacco; it acts just like it. Have to give you an emetic, any way. Hand a cup, Mrs. Gilmore."

"Why, doctor," said she, "Coly never smokes. What, such a child as he? I know he hasn't — he wouldn't do such a thing."

A ray of light seemed to flash upon Tristram's mind, who had been awaiting the examination with intense interest. He observed a quizzical smile play over the doctor's features in answer to his mother's assertion, as though he would have said, "Don't be too certain, my dear madam. Boys do very naughty things sometimes, that mothers don't know about." Looking around, he observed a significant expression on Mrs. Osborne's face. Stepping up to her, he asked in a low tone, —

"Do you think it possible?"

"It may be," was the reply; "go and talk to him yourself, Tristram. Ask him if they had cigars; if Willie smoked; if the others did."

So, while the doctor was preparing the nauseous dose, Tristram knelt by the side of the couch, and in his turn began to ply the little sufferer with questions.

"Was Jim Lawrence on the hill to-day, Coly?"

"Yes."

"And Josh?"

"Yes."

"Did they smoke any?"

"Yes."

"Did Willie Osborne smoke?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He said he couldn't, he didn't know how. He did try a little bit. Oh, don't; do be still, Tris, I'm so sick."

"Just a minute, Coly. I'm sorry you are sick; but just tell me what made *you* do it."

"I didn't say I did — go along," answered the child, fretfully.

"It seems hard to trouble you when you are sick," said the father, taking up the matter, and speaking very seriously. "But if it is true that you have been using tobacco in any way, I wish to know it. It is a deadly poison, my son, and if you have taken it, you must have the proper antidote."

"Ipecac's the best thing in the world," said the doctor. "The poisoned saliva has operated on the stomach, and the smoke has penetrated

his brain. This at first, and another medicine I will leave, will cure him."

"My son," resumed his father, authoritatively, "answer me promptly, before we give you any medicine, or do any thing further for you. Have you smoked a cigar, or tried to, to-day?"

It was plain to see that a sharp struggle was going on within the mind of the tormented boy — tormented not only with illness, but with remorse, shame, and the mortal fear which the doctor's formidable words had inspired. He found a voice at last, and ejaculating, —

"It was only half a one, father. I never did it before," he burst into a flood of tears.

"That's good, — first rate," said the doctor; "better out than in, my lad. Now we know what ails you, we'll go to work and cure you. Dangerous experiment though; mustn't try it over again. Now for the emetic. Here, Polly, Dolly, somebody, hold his nose for him — here goes —"

The pain and grief of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore it would be hard to describe. Oh, if children only knew how they make their parents suffer when they do wrong, we do believe they

would be more careful and conscientious. So thought Mrs. Osborne, who sympathized truly with her afflicted friends, with the weight of her own sorrow lying heavily upon her heart.

Tristram stood transfixed. For a few moments he was lost in thought; then, with great vehemence, he exclaimed, —

"Now, father, I'll tell you what. I know,— I'm almost sure, those awful boys have done it on purpose. They've done it just to spite *us*. They've got hold of these little fellows, and made them smoke just to bother us and then crow;" and his indignation scarcely knew bounds.

"I'll find out, you see if I don't," he continued, speaking more to himself. "Before this sun sets, I'll find out."

"That's right, my boy; be earnest," said the doctor; "ferret it out, and don't let 'em come it over you. You Corner boys are doing a noble thing down there to school. I've heard about it. Go ahead, Tris, and you'll never be sorry."

And he did succeed in finding out what the boys in question took no pains to conceal, but rather boasted over.

"We've made Nic Gilmore smoke," they

said, "and we'll make every boy in school smoke or chew before we wind up."

Oh, no, you won't, wicked ones, not by a good many. Right is stronger than wrong, and must prevail. Some of you, we rather hope, will be converted from your bad habits, — yea, all of you, — and for ever shun a poison which is fast destroying soul and body.

CHAPTER XV.

A THREEFOLD EVIL.

Of course, in these two well-regulated families an offense of so serious a nature was not carelessly passed over. Very grave were the conversations held with the two boys by their respective parents, and before the next Thursday the little culprits, with mortified but resolute air, subscribed their names to the anti-tobacco pledge, and were found, with the school, attentive listeners at Miss More's second lecture.

Nor were they the only addition to her audience. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, according to agreement with their children, were on hand at the appointed hour, and asked permission to hear her remarks. Mrs. Osborne, too, desiring to give, by her personal interest in the occasion, all the help she could to the little penitent Willie, came over to the school house, accompanied by aunt Nancy, and asked the same privilege.

Somewhat diffident the young teacher felt at the thought of speaking before those so much

older than herself. But she was not one who allowed feelings of reluctance to prevent her from doing her duty; and, strong in the conscious wish and purpose to benefit to her utmost capability the youth intrusted to her care, she quickly put under control any rising of annoyance at the intrusion, and calmly proceeded to her lesson.

The subject this afternoon was, The various Methods of using Tobacco. The timid lecturer remarked, —

"The ingenuity of man has been taxed to invent methods of preparing this poisonous article, and we can not help thinking, with King James, that an inspiration from the spirits of darkness has aided depraved and sensual men in making it an instrument of such prevalent and fruitful evil. The plant is dried, cooked, and compounded, ground, rolled, cut, and mixed, so that people, by snuffing, chewing, and smoking, may obtain to the utmost its deleterious qualities.

"Snuff-taking is supposed to have originated in Paris, with the famous Catharine de Medicis. It is recorded of her, that she 'used tobacco in the form of a powder,' thus instituting a practice for which the French people have been notorious to the present day. Since

that time the Germans, English, and Scotch have also become quite addicted to it. Of all the methods of using tobacco this is the most execrable. People have to stuff, push, cram, and sniff, in order to make the snuff stay in the nose, and by dint of their various contrivances they do get a portion of it up, while the rest is all spilled upon their clothes or wiped off upon their handkerchiefs, presenting a filthy and repelling appearance to every person of neatness and delicacy. The particles which are retained lodge in the cavities of the head, and produce the most disastrous consequences. A clergyman recently died of a disease of the head, and, on examination, a large quantity of hardened Scotch snuff was found there. He had a brother, an officer in the army, who was also an inveterate snuff-taker. He carried his snuff loose in his pocket, because he said the opening of a snuff-box on the field of battle, or while on review, was inconvenient!

"The only recommendation that is given for snuff-taking is, that the custom is a sociable one. This is more than can be said in favor of smoking. Smokers can not be social, as all the powers of speech, as well as all the faculties of their being, are brought into requisition in the engrossing act of smoking. This

method of using the poison produces a sort of intoxication, stimulating the brain, and especially quickening the imagination, so that many students and literary men consider it quite essential to success in their studies. Even ministers of the gospel sometimes feel that they can not arrange their ideas for a sermon without the aid of 'a good cigar.'

"The custom of smoking is supposed to have been known to the Chinese from time immemorial. In India and Burmah, in South America and the Sandwich Islands, both sexes smoke; and it is not uncommon for the mother to take the lighted pipe from her mouth and put it to the lips of her nursing infant. But these are barbarous and half-civilized people. Alas, that in Christian countries we should find this wretched custom almost as prevalent! The Germans, French, Spaniards, English, and Americans smoke a large portion of their time. Even women in our own enlightened country, where better employment and more refined enjoyment may be had so freely, are beginning to imitate the habits of less favored communities, and are learning to smoke a weak and delicate article termed 'cigarette.' Let us blush for them!

"The practice of smoking has become, from

its universality, intolerable to persons of refinement. You can not go any where in any of our large cities, to any grocery store, restaurant, hotel, railroad station, steam or ferry boat, but you must inhale the fumes of tobacco. So regardless are those who are given to this disgusting habit of all the requirements of decency, that it has become a public necessity to post placards in every place, excepting the street and the church, — 'No smoking allowed here,' — as though a sensible and ordinarily polite man needed a public reminder of his obligation to regard the sensibilities and comfort of those around. What right has a person to pollute and poison the air that others must breathe? Many persons suffer daily from the heedlessness of men in this regard, being made uncomfortable and ill by such poisoned air. Many an infant, it is believed, has died in its cradle from the tobacco smoke with which its own father has filled the room; and sometimes even from the strong, fetid breath of its parent sleeping in the same bed.

"Tobacco affords by distillation an oil, one or two drops of which, applied to the tongue of a cat, has destroyed life in a few minutes. Yet every smoker is constantly manufacturing

this poisonous oil, and experimenting with it on the most delicate and vital organs of his own body. The cigar especially discharges this poison directly into the mouth of the smoker, and when he swallows the saliva, which he must needs do to some extent, the whole is conveyed to the stomach. You can judge for yourselves what must be the consequence to the health.

"Chewing involves no loss of time, and, for this reason, perhaps, is more in use among our hard-working population, who can only indulge in the luxury of a pipe or cigar in the intervals of labor. It is a very prevalent practice, too, in schools and colleges. But if we can say so little in favor of snuffing and smoking, can you expect any thing in behalf of this, where the poison comes directly in contact with the organs of eating and digestion? Must not its effect on the health be in this way more immediate, severe, and fatal?"

"Why does it not kill, then, at once?" inquired one of the boys.

"Probably because the tobacco manufactured for chewing, and used by beginners, is prepared in the least concentrated and most palatable form. The habit once fixed, and the system gradually accustomed to the poi-

son, it is taken in larger quantities and more crude form. Were it not for this, none would survive to become confirmed chewers. I could relate to you many anecdotes, both serious and amusing, of the inconvenience and sickness caused by the first attempts to learn to chew tobacco. But I will reserve them for some other occasion.

"Next week I will describe more in detail the effect produced by the poison upon the health."

§

CHAPTER XVI.

DIPPING.

"Miss More didn't tell us the whole story about snuff-taking, yesterday," said Bessie Simonson, as the girls and boys clustered about the stove next day at recess.

"I thought she told us a pretty good one, any how," remarked Tristram.

"I too," added Benajah; "and father said it was first rate — really worth coming three miles to hear."

While the majority of the school found ample diversion out of doors, when released from study, the little area around the fire was the favorite rendezvous for the older, or, rather, the more sedate and select portion. Here they cracked nuts and ate apples, while they enjoyed much pleasant conversation, discussed popular subjects, held political caucuses and religious conferences on a small scale, and compacted and cemented friendships for after years.

Being in the near vicinity of the teacher's desk, she had an opportunity of hearing much

that was said, and thus of ascertaining the current of opinion and feeling among the young folks on a variety of topics. Often, in an easy and familiar way, she joined in the conversation, thus giving the weight of her judgment and experience where it was needed. Miss More liked to talk with her scholars; it opened a pleasant avenue to the heart and conscience. She felt it to be no compromise of dignity or authority to become, for the time being, as one of them, but rather a strengthening of that power by which she swayed her school. Would that all teachers followed her example, and, in the language of Scripture, "to the weak became as weak, that they might gain the weak" — stooped to those younger, more simple and ignorant than themselves, that they might lift them up to a higher standard and sphere. How much precious instruction might in this unprofessional way be imparted to the young; how many words in season spoken, to be set in the memory, as "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" how many choice seeds of truth dropped into the open heart, that should spring up and "bear fruit, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold"!

So, on this occasion, hearing the remark of

Bessie, it did not surprise the little group, or abash them either, when she stepped down from her desk, and came in among them.

"Wherein did I come short, Bessie?" she asked.

"You didn't mention dipping, Miss More; and that is quite a common practice."

"Well, really, Bessie, you have the advantage of me. I have seen that word in books, but I confess to utter ignorance of its meaning. Enlighten me, do."

"Do, Bessie, do," cried several at once.

"When I was at the Water Cure last summer, with mother and aunt Amelia, we became acquainted with a Mrs. Monroe, from Baltimore, who was a patient there. She was a very elegant lady, and had a family of beautiful children. She was the life of the house. In the morning we saw but little of her; but when she was dressed for tea, and came out on the balcony, she made such a splendid appearance with her rich dress and brilliant manners, that she became the center of attraction. Every one seemed fascinated by her. In dull, rainy weather, and evenings in the parlor, she kept the whole company in good humor with her plays, songs, dances, and various amusements. She got up tab-

leaux and charades magnificently. We never suspected that it was any thing more than a lively disposition and quick wit, as mother said, that made her so pleasant and agreeable. But one day I went to her room on some errand, soon after dinner. 'Ma can't see you,' said her little girl; 'she is brushing her teeth.' Of course I didn't want to interrupt her toilet; so I went away, and waited nearly an hour, and then I called again. 'Ma is brushing her teeth; she can't see you,' was the answer again. I didn't know what to make of it, and mother didn't, either. We thought it was strange that she should spend so much time on her teeth, at that hour of day too, and we laughed about it considerably. Aunt Amelia was in our room, and she didn't speak at first; but at last, as if she had been thinking about it, she says,—

"'I wonder if Mrs. Monroe *dips*. If she does, that accounts for her uncommon brilliancy in the parlor.'

"'Dips? Why, of course,' said mother, laughing. 'Water-cure patients must needs dip more or less.'

"'Yes, in the pure water,' said my aunt, quite seriously. 'But I mean something very different. Southern ladies have a practice of

using tobacco which they call *dipping*. They dip a brush, or a soft stick, prepared at one end like a sort of tiny broom, into snuff, and rub their teeth and gums until they are thoroughly permeated with it. You would hardly believe it, but it produces great exhilaration of spirits — a species of intoxication; in fact, it makes them tipsy. I should really like to know if Mrs. Monroe does this.'

"Of course we were greatly astonished, for even my mother had never heard of such a thing. My aunt had spent a good deal of time at the South for her health, and she had learned about it there.

"'The effect,' said she, 'is similar, I have been told, to that produced on opium-eaters by the use of their favorite drug. It renders them for a time oblivious to all care and trouble, and brings them into a sort of dreamy, happy state, in which they hardly know what they are doing — just like a man that has taken wine enough to make him not exactly drunk, but —'"

"Half seas over," interjected Sidney.

"Yes, I suppose that's about it," replied Bessie, laughing. "Much obliged for your help, Sidney."

"Well, did you find out? Was it really so?" asked Rebecca.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. After staying there some time, we became better acquainted with her, and found out all about it. She made no secret of it, nor her children either. They thought, I suppose, it was all right. Then she had her governess with her — an interesting young widow. This governess took a great fancy to aunt Amelia, and one day she came to her, and asked if she would try to get a new situation for her, as she was going to leave Mrs. Monroe.

"'Why do you leave?' asked my aunt.

"'I have tried very hard to remain and get along,' she replied. 'I love the children, and get a good salary, but I can't get along at all with Mrs. Monroe. She has a practice of dipping, which produces a terrible effect upon her. Have you noticed how very interesting and entertaining she is in the evening?'

"'Yes.'

"'But you notice that she never comes to breakfast?'

"'Yes, I have remarked it.'

"'Well, her brilliancy is an intoxication. Do you know any thing of the custom?'

"'Yes,' said aunt Amelia.

"'In the morning the effect of the snuff has passed off, and the reaction is perfectly frightful. Her countenance is haggard, her limbs are weak and trembling, and she is nervous and irritable to a dreadful degree. Sometimes she acts like a mad creature, and no one can manage her at all but her husband; and he has to be very stern and severe with her. I have sometimes thought she would kill me for no offense at all. *I* believe she is really insane for the time, and there is no telling what she may do. I don't want to stay with her any longer; I am afraid, and that's the whole truth.'"

"How dreadful this is!" said Miss More. "It is something quite new to me, but I am glad to know it. You have given quite an appendix to our yesterday's lesson, Bessie. I hope, my dear scholars, that, knowing these things, we shall all set our faces like a flint against the use of a poison so terrible in every shape; and that no inducements of appetite, fashion, or vanity will ever lead us to use it."

"This seems the worst way of any — don't you think so, Miss More?" asked Anna Little. "To take snuff into the nose is awful, but to take it into the mouth — oh, I don't see how

any body that goes by the name of lady could do such a thing."

"Why, Anna, they learn to love it," replied Bessie, "just as the drunkard does his drams. Mrs. Coleman — that's the name of Mrs. Monroe's governess — told me of one lady who became so extremely addicted to this practice, that her husband positively forbade it, and watched her closely; and what do you think she did? Why, she tied the snuff in a corner of her pocket handkerchief, and took it after her husband had gone to sleep."

"Horrid, oh, horrid!" they all exclaimed.

"I know it, but it's true, nevertheless," said Bessie. "And now I have delivered the lecture I promised you, Tristram," she added, as the bell rang, and they rose to resume their desks.

"We ought to be thankful, dear young ladies," said Miss More, "that we have been brought up differently, and have been taught to look at this subject in a clearer atmosphere. That practice will never seem so odious to the children of Mrs. Monroe as it does to you. They will, probably, follow in the footsteps of their mother, and in time ruin their own health and morals by the pernicious custom. We should rejoice that we are not

in their situation, and must do all we can to enlighten and reform others. Bessie's narrative really makes me sad. I pity the poor, silly votaries of fashion of our own sex, who seek to patch up their wasted charms, and to purchase enjoyment and admiration, at the expense of all that is noble and precious in their womanhood."

Miss Simonson had not exaggerated this vile and wretched practice, to which women in some parts of our country are addicted. We read in a note to Dr. Shew's Prize Essay on Tobacco Diseases, that "in North Carolina, Southern Virginia, and perhaps other districts of the South, ladies, even when traveling upon railroads, are in the habit of dipping. The process consists in having a small piece of wood, (dog-wood or hickory, or perhaps other kinds of wood,) about the size of a cigar. One end of this is chewed till it becomes a sort of brush, or broom, after which it is dipped, more or less frequently, into a snuff-box, kept for this purpose. Companies of ladies, in these parts, while sitting, of an afternoon or evening, sewing, have their pot of snuff on the table, so that each one can 'take a dip' now and then. It is likewise a habit to invite one another from house to house, to perform

in this social way. On these occasions they sit in a row, with apron or napkin in hand, and make dipping the whole business for an hour or two, just as men sometimes smoke and drink together after dinner. Many keep it from their husbands that they dip, considering the practice a disreputable one."

Alas, alas for woman, that she should descend so low! *

* As this chapter has been discredited, we beg leave to append an extract from Aughey's "Iron Furnace," in testimony of the existence and *prevalence* of this practice.

After speaking of the well-known habit of clay or mud eating among the "poor whites" of the South, the author says: "Akin to this is the practice of snuff-dipping, which is not confined exclusively to females of the poor white caste, though scarcely one in fifty of this class is exempt from the disgusting habit." He proceeds to describe the manner and unhealthy consequences of the custom, and then adds: "The Petersburg (Va.) Express estimates the number of women in that State as one hundred and twenty-five thousand, *one hundred thousand of whom* are snuff-dippers. Every five of these will use a two-ounce paper of snuff per day; that is, to the hundred thousand dippers, two thousand five hundred pounds a day are necessary, amounting, in one year, to the enormous quantity of nine hundred and twelve thousand pounds. This practice prevails generally among the poor whites, though females of the higher classes are guilty of it."

CHAPTER XVII.

A PEEP INTO A MINISTER'S STUDY.

We have already intimated that of the two boarding places offered to Miss More, she had given preference to the family of Mr. Wade.

Mr. Wade was the pastor of Campfield upper parish — a young man, in his first settlement. With a very helpmeet of a wife, the exact counterpart of himself in Christian amiability of temper and earnestness of purpose, the household offered as quiet and pleasant a retreat as could be desired. Our young teacher had already, during the summer, made their acquaintance, and felt that to share the delights of their fireside and to enjoy the daily sunshine of their friendship would be a rare privilege. Nor was the pleasure of the anticipation altogether on her side. Their estimate of her attainments and worth had awakened in them a cordial affection, and when asked by the committee to open their doors to her reception, they assented most cheerfully.

Already had the trio become as brother and

sisters in the family — coadjutors in every good word and work, and counselors and comforters in general to one another in their differing, yet arduous, cares. Many and long to be remembered were the hours of peace and quiet pleasure enjoyed that winter in the sunny little parsonage.

Saturday afternoon had been passed by our young friend in her own apartment, in study and work preparatory to the Sabbath and the ensuing week. As the sun declined, she turned toward the light, still busy with her needle; but as the shadows gathered more darkly, she carelessly dropped her work, and gazed thoughtfully out of the window. Before her — the snow-covered marsh alone intervening — the broad ocean spread itself out, an unbroken field of waters, far to the right and left. It lay untossed of winds, tranquil as a summer sea, its blue surface undulating in its natural swell and motion, and the surf rising and breaking on the white beach in its gentlest mood. It was in itself a picture of serene and refreshing beauty. Presently, upon the opposite sky, just where it touched and blended with the blue waters, there shot up rays and glimmers of silvery light, the lambent signs of some unseen but approaching glory.

A moment more, and a radiant line of solid light appeared on the edge of the eastern horizon. On and up it came, growing every moment in beauty and brightness, until, ar rayed in the fullness of her splendid, radiant attire, the full moon stepped forth in queenly majesty upon the watery, waving pavement A sheet of lustrous brightness fell from her resplendent form upon the sea, and, all along from the distant horizon to the sandy shore, the rippling waters gleamed and flashed like diamonds set in azure.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee," was the involuntary exclamation of the beholder of this magnificent, unlooked-for spectacle; and she clasped her hands in delight and devout admiration.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all," uttered a gentle voice close beside her. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

"O Lucy," said the first speaker, "have you seen this glorious sight? Was any thing ever so beautiful?"

"I have been watching it with you, Annie," replied the other, laying her arm affectionately

over the shoulder of her friend. "You were so rapt that you did not notice my entrance. No wonder! It is a scene that fills the soul with admiration, and lifts it up above and beyond this mortal plane. I have often enjoyed it from this very spot, and it is a spectacle that never tires. It is really worth while to live in Campfield, if only to enjoy sunrise and sunset from this open sea. But, Annie, I came to see what had happened to you. What have you been about this long afternoon?"

"Oh, busy as usual, getting my lesson for to-morrow, and thinking up next week's work. The fact is, my sister Lucy, I have been brought by my scholars into a wee bit of a scrape."

"How so? That's a great acknowledgment for a teacher, surely;" and sister Lucy laughed merrily.

"They have got up such an enthusiasm on this tobacco question, and, of course, I mustn't be behindhand. So I promised to give them a course of lectures on a subject I know nothing about — nothing at all. I really don't know where to get my information. I have never seen the stuff used to any extent. My father never used it, and I have no brother —"

"Or lover?" asked Lucy.

"I wouldn't have one that used tobacco,

any how," replied Annie, blushing. "There was a young gentleman that visited at our house occasionally who smoked. I played checkers with him one evening, and that was enough. The fumes of his breath across the table sickened me."

"Perhaps you'll get taken in some day, notwithstanding," suggested Lucy, drawing down her face to a comical length. "Such things *have* happened, you know."

"Not I. I'm too sensitive for that. I can tell a smoker as soon as he comes within speaking distance; and a chewer — I can tell him as far off as I can see him. You couldn't catch *me* any quicker than I could catch *you*, little Mrs. Pastoress," replied Annie, playfully.

"But *I* did get caught, with all my principles and caution," remarked the minister's wife, more seriously.

"You? Impossible! Clarence doesn't smoke!"

"Not now — he did."

"Lucy! What do you say? I can scarcely believe you."

"'Tis even so, my dear Annie; and since my experience may be one item added to your scanty stock of knowledge on this subject, I will give it to you;" and drawing a

low seat to the side of her friend, she began: —

"I never dreamed of such a thing before my marriage; and if any one had told me that Clarence smoked, I should have resented it indignantly. Indeed, if I had suspected it, I believe I should have crucified my love by saying no; but after we were married, and settled down here to our work, it all came out. Clarence took it into his head that he couldn't write his sermons unless I would take my work and sit with him in his study. Thursday has always been his sermon day, and as it was a leisure day for me, I agreed to the arrangement very willingly. So the first week, after I had finished my morning work, 'red up,' as aunt Fortune would say, I went into the study. As I opened the door, I was greeted with a cloud of sickening tobacco smoke. I could scarcely believe my senses.

"'Why, Clarence,' I cried, 'what is this? Do you smoke?'

"'When I'm writing sermons, darling,' said he, quietly.

"I was speechless, and stood quite still in the doorway, hardly knowing whether to go in or out.

"'Won't you stay?' he asked. 'Can't you bear it? Is it very unpleasant to you?'

"'I can bear any thing my husband can, I suppose,' said I. But I felt very badly. I could have cried like a child. I have been brought up with a great horror of tobacco, and prided myself, that, as it was never used in my mother's house, it never would be in mine. I was disappointed and grieved more than I can tell you. Clarence seemed sorry that I felt so badly about it, and tried to reason with me.

"'I never smoke but just here,' he said; 'but here I *need* it, and take it as a *medicine.* It helps me wonderfully in composing my mind to my work, in arranging my ideas — in short, I couldn't build a sermon without the aid of a good Havana.'

"'And those good sermons I have enjoyed so much, then, are the offspring of tobacco smoke,' I said, sorrowfully. 'How are the mighty fallen! I thought they indicated talent and piety, and emanated from a *sacred* inspiration.'

"'My dear, one can not write well unless the physical condition be favorable. A good cigar brings me into just that condition. It allays all nervous irritation, stimulates the

brain slightly, makes thought flow freely, fancy play, and reason clear itself from fogs. Under its influence I can argue, illustrate, enforce truth, in a manner astonishing to myself.'

"'If I were a minister,' I said, 'I would go into my study, and, kneeling down, would ask "the Almighty, who giveth understanding," for the aid I needed to communicate his message to the people. I would ask for clear perceptions of truth, and mental ability to clothe it in language clear and acceptable to others. I would seek a divine influence to compose my nerves, to lift off the burden of care, to enlighten my mind, quicken my imagination — to inspire me. I would not call to my aid a paltry stem of tobacco for *such* a purpose.' I spoke warmly, but I felt deeply. The thing seemed to me absurd and wicked, and I was grieved that the one I loved best, and had trusted most, should be guilty of it; and out of the abundance of the heart my mouth spoke.

"Clarence took it very good-naturedly. 'Oh,' said he, 'you don't understand. You don't know what it is to have to write sermons at just such a time, and often on just such a subject, whether you feel like it or not.

Work that only requires physical activity you can compel yourself to perform; but mental labor is quite different. I'm sorry you don't like the smoke, darling. But I won't inflict it as a penance upon you. I would rather relinquish the pleasure of your society than to have you suffer.'

"'Oh, no,' I said, 'I shall stay. I must learn to live in any atmosphere my husband is obliged to breathe.' So I took a chair by the open window, and sat down to work.

"Things went on so for some time. I thought the matter over a great deal, but could not reconcile myself to it any way. I could only look at it in one light, as something disagreeable to me, and wrong in my husband. But I was not dictator to him; so I said nothing further about it; but I prayed most earnestly that the Lord would lead him out of what I felt would prove a certain snare. I felt that it would undermine his health and his Christian character; but above all, that it was degrading the holy work of the gospel ministry. Could divine truth be elaborated and expounded only under the influence of a poisonous drug? Was not the Spirit of God able to do, in answer to prayer, as much as a material stimulant would effect? Did the

preacher of God's holy word need to pollute the medium through which the message of salvation was to come to dying men, by an intoxicating appliance, before it could be made to fulfill its office?

"One day, when my husband was over to Sampville on business, I was sent for in great haste to go over to Deacon Ward's. Their little Olivia had been ill, and was then thought to be dying. She was a beautiful child, one of those sweet, engaging little ones whom every body loves; and to her parents she was a complete idol, the pride and delight of their eyes. I never saw such a distressed family. The house was full of friends and neighbors, weeping and wringing their hands; and it was really agonizing to witness such grief. They wanted me to pray with them. You can judge what a trial it was. I was so young, and never had had any experience by which I could appreciate their sorrow; and I was timid, too, and bashful under any circumstances. What could I do? I couldn't refuse, and yet I felt very unequal to the requirement. However, I did the best I could, and commended them to the God of all comfort, —it was of no use for *me* to try to comfort them, —and then I went home. But I felt

dissatisfied and disturbed in my mind that I hadn't done better."

"That was vanity, my dear," whispered Annie, in a confidential manner; "don't you think so?"

"Yes, upon the whole, I think it was," replied Lucy, smiling; "you probably understand the feeling, or you couldn't have analyzed it so readily. Well, when Clarence came home, I told him what a trial I had been through; and instead of being sorry for me, and sympathizing, as I supposed he would, he seemed delighted.

"'That's all right,' said he, 'all right. My little bashful wife has got to be brought out, and that's just the way. You are a minister's wife, my dear, and are bound to help your husband in all his labors among the people; and when he's away, you must step right into his place. Some day, when I am sick, you'll have to go into the pulpit and preach for me,' said he, playfully.

"'Never stepping out of my own sphere,' I replied, laughing; 'but I'll tell you what I can do: I can go into the study and *write* your sermon if necessary.'

"'I dare say you would fill either position

extremely well,' said he, with one of his profound bows.

"'But I must learn to smoke first,' said I. I spoke before I thought. It was a subject we had not broached since that first day; and when the words were out, I didn't know how they would be received.

"Clarence looked at me, and smiled a little, but he didn't speak. I thought it struck him rather strangely — the idea of my learning to smoke, as a preparation for helping him in his pastoral duties. I confess that the idea was as new to me as the words were sudden; but it did not pass away so quickly. I turned it over and over again in my mind. 'Suppose I should learn to smoke,' said I to myself, 'and let him see how absurd it would appear.' Why shouldn't a woman smoke as well as a man? If it is really a sedative, a tranquilizer, surely she needs it more than man. If it affords a healthy exhilaration when important or extra duties demand an increase of activity, why may it not be allowed her as well as her husband? I made up my mind to try it, and see what the effect on Clarence would be. I practiced when he was not at home. At first, it made me quite faint and sick; but by

doing it moderately, I accustomed myself gradually to the practice, and could presently do it with quite the air of an amateur. Now came the time to try my experiment; and I tell you it was not without some trepidation that I entered the study that Thursday morning. I opened my desk by the window where I usually sat, and spread out my paper for writing. Then I went to the table where Clarence sat, selected a cigar from the holder, took a match, and lighted it. I puffed and whiffed as though I were used to it. I did not look at Clarence, but just went to work as if it were an ordinary, every-day occurrence. But I *felt* that he was looking at me all the while. He stopped writing, and I knew he was watching me. At last, in a surprised, wondering tone, he said, —

"'Lucy, will you have the goodness to tell me what you are going to do?'

"'I am going to try *my* luck at a sermon,' I answered, lifting the cigar from my lips, and waiting leisurely for the smoke to escape. I didn't look at him, but hurried to my seat, for I knew that one look would upset my gravity, my courage, and my whole design. He made no reply; but I knew he was thinking,

for I didn't hear the scratch of his pen. I went on steadily. I wrote, and smoked, and whiffed away, and poised my cigar, as he did, thoughtfully on my fingers, tipped off the ashes, and spit. Yes, I went through the whole performance! Oh, dear! how mean I should have felt doing such dirty business, had it not been that the motive ennobled the occupation for the time being! The earnest desire of my heart that my husband might see the practice in its true light, through my adoption of it, sanctified the means, to my thinking, and so I kept on. For about ten minutes we sat so — Clarence musing, and I smoking and writing as if my life depended on it. Then he rose and came to me.

"'Lucy,' said he, 'it *is* ridiculous. I own it. Look here, darling;' and he threw his cigar out of the window as far as he could throw it. It alighted at the foot of that rose bush yonder — then full of delicious damask roses. 'I shall never defile my lips with a cigar again, so help me God,' he said, solemnly.

"I looked up at him. A tear was standing in each eye, and I perceived that he was very serious. He didn't treat it as a joke, at all;

and I was glad of it. I took the cigar from my own mouth, and threw it so that it fell by the side of his.

"'*I* will never smoke again, either,' said I. 'I can make any sacrifice my husband can.'

"'Share in any legitimate, heaven-appointed sacrifice, you may, Lucy,' said he; 'but never may I see you participate in a sacrifice of health, character, or Christian feeling. You shall share labor with me, but not transgression. I said the other day that you must be ready to do any thing that I did. Now I say that I will never do any thing which I would not like to see you do.'

"When we sat down to tea that evening, I brought in a handful of those beautiful roses, and threw them down on the table. Clarence smiled. He knew what they were designed to commemorate; and I don't believe he will ever look at that bush, or enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms, without remembering and reiterating his resolution. He pointed to it as we were passing the other day and called it our *Rose de Souvenance.** His sermons have been better lately than they ever were."

* Rose of Remembrance.

"You *are* a darling, good little woman, Lucy," said Annie, putting her arm around her friend, and kissing her affectionately; "more radiant in the eyes of your husband than that glorious moon shining in upon us so magnificently. You will 'do him good, and not evil, all the days of your life.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DANGEROUS LUXURY.

The third lecture day brought quite an addition to Miss More's little audience. Several persons from the neighborhood dropped in, and two families, from the far districts of the town, sent representatives to learn more accurately what was going on in the "new school," the fame of which had spread all over Campfield. Mrs. Deacon Gooch, and her daughter Hannah, came over, and to the astonishment of several of the boys, who were eagerly watching the signs of the times, Bill — the refractory, untamable Bill — had been induced to remain to hear the lecture with them. Surely the enterprise was growing in favor with the community, and the hearts of Tristram and Sidney were overflowing with joy.

Miss More announced her subject — The Effects of Tobacco upon the Bodily Health.

"The chief argument in favor of tobacco, among all classes, is, that the health requires it. Never was there a greater mistake. It is the most prolific agent of pain and disease

known. Even spirituous liquors are scarcely more destructive to life and health. Dr. Shew has enumerated no less than eighty severe diseases caused by tobacco, many of them the most dangerous to which the human system is liable. It impairs every sense and faculty, consumes every energy, restricts every capacity, so that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, not an organ or member can escape its deadly influence. Sight, hearing, smell, taste, each fails before the monster, and every beautiful thing in life, for the enjoyment of which these senses were created, is in consequence palled and blighted."

"If it is so bad," asked Sidney, "why do doctors give it? 'Most every body that uses it says that the doctor ordered it."

"Medical men are themselves often slaves to the use of the filthy weed, and are ignorant, willfully or otherwise, or perhaps unobservant, of its very deleterious effects. But you may note that it is not the truly scientific, learned, or honest physician who will prescribe it, — except in extreme cases, — or allow its use, unrebuked, among his patients.

"Dr. Shew says, 'It is admitted by physicians that there are several articles in the materia medica which possess all its *good*

qualities, and are, at the same time, comparatively safe; and probably not one patient of ten thousand treated allopathically in any of the more civilized countries, for the past fifty years, has had tobacco administered to him. It is so dangerous a medicine that it is almost never used by the profession. Yet there are those who hold human life so little worth, that, to avoid trouble, or to gain favor with their patrons, they will recommend or allow its use at the choice and discretion of patients themselves. It is easier to tell a man to smoke for a suffering condition of the tonsils and pharynx, than to encounter his prejudices, and lose his custom, by assuring him that smoking has caused that very diseased condition, and nothing will cure it but an utter abandonment of the practice.' "

"Can you ask questions when you want to?" asked Bill Gooch of one of his neighbors, in a loud whisper.

"Certainly," answered Miss More, who had heard the inquiry. "I *wish* you to ask any questions pertinent to the subject. What would you like to know, Gooch?"

"I want to know how it happens that folks live to be so old, and chew and smoke all their life long if it is such a poison."

"That is a very important question, since it has been often used as an argument in favor of tobacco. I will answer it in the words of another," said Miss More, as she took up a little book from the table beside her. "'It has been asserted, in favor of tobacco, that some, who use the article habitually, live to a good old age. The same thing has often been said in favor of alcoholic drinks. We know a man may live, not only "threescore years and ten," but to one hundred years and upward, drinking spirits daily for three fourths of his life. Such a case only proves that a man, with a good constitution and regular habits in every thing else, may, in spite of the alcoholic poison, hold out to a great age. The same is true of tobacco. Nor does any one claim that it ever prolongs life.' Dr. Alcott says, 'I have known some persons live to old age in the extravagant use of tobacco; but they bear a small proportion to those who, by the habit of using it, have been swept into the grave in early or middle life.'"

"I never heard of any body dying from tobacco," said the skeptical youth.

"Very likely; but you frequently hear of deaths from apoplexy, palsy, cancer, bronchitis, consumption, heart disease, insanity. Now,

any one of these diseases may be caused, according to the authority of our most learned medical men, directly by the use of tobacco. One doctor says, 'More people have died, *in one year*, of apoplexy, since the first introduction of snuff, than died of that disease in a hundred years before.' And this is but one of the many diseases which might be alluded to.

"But the use of this terrible poison not only originates disease, it aggravates the symptoms of those which have their origin in other causes; so that a tobacco-user often falls a victim to disorders which in a healthy subject might be readily cured. In malarious districts, or where an epidemic, as cholera or yellow fever, prevails, they are usually among the earliest and greatest sufferers."

"Dr. Wilcox told my father to chew for the toothache, any how," said a little girl.

"That is frequently the excuse for using it, Eliza," replied her teacher, "and probably its occasional use in such a case might be beneficial. Its immediate effect is to quiet the nerves and allay pain; but the opinion that it preserves the teeth, if we can believe those who make the treatment of the teeth their special business, is a grossly mistaken one. It is stated by dentists that the teeth of tobacco-

chewers are in reality less perfect than those of other people, and that their gums are particularly diseased.

"So it has been recommended for dyspepsia, and yet there is not probably a more fruitful *cause* of this disease. It requires no great degree of intelligence to perceive this fact. Saliva impregnated with smoke and swallowed will preserve whatever food it comes in contact with, in the form in which it is found. The stomach, then, instead of performing its work of dissolving the food and preparing it for assimilation with the system, serves only as a receptacle for that which becomes a clog and burden rather than a nutrition and help to the body. The increased quantity of saliva expended in chewing and smoking drains off the vitality of the system, and is another cause of impairing the important function of digestion. The mouth and throat, after having been exposed to this stimulation, lose the power of taste, and it becomes necessary that the food, to be palatable, should be highly seasoned with various exciting condiments; which process, of itself, is a sufficient cause of indigestion. This poisoned saliva affects the liver, kidneys, and every internal organ, deranges the whole bodily machinery,

prevents the legitimate appropriation of food creates intolerable thirst, which strong drink alone will quell; in fact, it utterly consumes the person. A German physician says, 'that of the deaths occurring among men, in Germany, between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, one half are from the effects of smoking. He asserts that 'tobacco burns out the blood, the teeth, the eyes, the brain.' How can it be otherwise? Any drug taken daily would produce disease and death, and this is one of the most virulent poisons ever discovered. How can people be so blind to its effects, so enslaved to the appetite, as to use it in spite of its frightful consequences?"

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OUT-DOOR SERMON.

Deacon Gooch was passing in his sleigh just as the little assembly was dispersing from the school-room door, and perceiving sundry members of his own family interspersed among the various groups, he very naturally stopped to take them in.

"Upon my word, Sally," exclaimed he to his wife, as her huge proportions clambered into the vehicle, "what on airth brought you down here? Should as soon a' thought o' picking up a salmon on the beach. What's up now?"

"We heerd the schoolma'am was goin' to talk this arternoon, and Hannah tuk it inter her head to come down — so I come with her."

"Hannah? and Bill, too, 'pon my word! Bless me, you're thick as peas. Come, jump in quick."

"Oh, father, do ask Miss More to ride; do," suggested Hannah. "She might as well ride as walk."

"To be sure; why, of course — 'tis jest as cheap, seein' as I shan't charge nothin'. Make room for her. Holloa, there! Miss More! Won't you jump in? Plenty of room."

"Plenty of room," repeated Bill, with uncommon deference, as he swung out of the box and attached himself to the runners.

"Plenty of room; jump in — up-a-diddy," shouted the deacon, in a rude attempt at mingling the polite and playful. "Bless me, you're as light as the eeder down. And so you've raly bin holdin' a meetin'," he continued, as he adjusted the blankets around the little figure. "Tell me, now, what it's all about."

"About tobacco, father," said Hannah. "Don't you know Major Perkins's wife told us last night about it; how they had a society down there, and how Miss More delivered lectures; and I wanted Bill to stay and hear 'em, and he wouldn't without I came?"

"And *you* ought to have heerd it," added Hannah's mother. "You wouldn't smoke and chew so, *I* know, if you only heerd what she said."

"Wouldn't I? Well, now, I should like to know," said the deacon, as if he would have added, "If you think I'm the man to be

converted by what a woman says, and a young woman at that!" But he *didn't* add that. In place of it, he cast what he meant to be a very benignant look upon the young lady. Well he remembered all the serious apprehensions he had felt with regard to her advent in Campfield, and how, since the opening of her administration, he had wondered often and often by what irresistible charm she had so won upon his turbulent and unruly boy, that, for the first time in his life, he had caused him no trouble with his "schoolin'." "I don't see how she doos it," he said, in an undertone, as he stole a second glance at her, and gathered up the reins; "there isn't much to her, any how."

The *much* of a person, deacon, is to be measured inwardly, not outwardly; by attainments, not stature; by weight of the spiritual, not the corporeal.

"Come, now, dew tell, as we're glibbin' along," said he, in a familiar manner. Familiarity and condescension he fancied to be politeness in such a case as this, where age, and dignity, and mental superiority were brought by circumstances alongside of youth and apparent nothingness. Poor, obtuse Deacon Gooch! "Come, now," said he, "give us a

sort o' summarium of your lecture — can't ye?"

"She made it out to be regular poison, I tell you," says Bill.

"Now, ye don't," rejoined the old man; "why, that's truly orful. But every body's a right to their own opinion, of course. So you raly think so — do ye, Miss More? I've lived nigh on to sixty years, and it hasn't pisoned me yet."

"Now, don't laugh and make fun, father," said Hannah, seriously; "you just let Miss More tell you her reasons for not using tobacco. I wish you would."

"Oh, well, sartain. To be sure, I'd like first rate to hear. I'm an old man, but children's wiser than their parents nowadays. 'Tisn't to be expected that young folks should know quite as much as the old folks; but then this one's a schoolmistress, and head and shoulders over common folks, I s'pose!" and he gave a low bow, and what might have been intended as a mocking or a complimentary look at the young lady.

What strange, ill-mannered, disagreeable people there are in this world! If we only could navigate in and out the ways of life around all such persons, coming in contact

only with the well-bred, refined, and charming, how comfortable it would be! So thought our young friend, as she turned, involuntarily, to hide the feeling of disgust and aversion that rose within. But a desire to do good triumphed. This man's son was her pupil; and for her pupils, like a little heroine that she was, she could adventure much. She had noticed, with pleasure, Bill's attendance upon the afternoon's exercises, and believed the good seed had been well received into his heart; and to nurture and develop this into the healthy fruit of good practice she was ready to use her endeavors. So, smothering all her antipathies and disgusts, she addressed herself, with a pleasant smile and a frank, modest demeanor, to the conversation.

"There is scarcely time for me to give you now, Mr. Gooch, all the motives for not using tobacco; but I can mention some of them."

"Go on, go on," urged the deacon; "I'll drive round the triangle. It's wonderful good sleighing, and 'taint very cold, nuther." So, pulling up the buffalo, and giving it a sort of authoritative tuck around the form of his companion, accompanied by a familiar "Gee up, Billy," to his old nag, he composed himself to listen.

"You will allow me to speak plainly, Mr. Gooch."

"Sartain, sartain — to be sure."

"I don't think it is becoming in a sensible man, and especially in a Christian, to use tobacco, in the first place, because the habit is so excessively filthy. It is offensive to every feeling of taste and refinement."

"Ha, ha, ha! you're a woman; that speaks right out straight. Nobody but a woman would think of such a reason. We men don't stand so on the nice. Ha, ha! Well, to be sure, women do have to do the cleanin' up; but then that's all they're fit for, pretty much."

An indignant glance burned in the mild eyes of the young lady, and her first impulse was to close her lips henceforth to the coarse, unappreciative being beside her. But grace triumphed.

"Mr. Gooch," said she, "you may not think much of that reason; so we will not enlarge upon it. It is, in reality, the least of the reasons to be urged against the practices of which we are speaking. Still I think it is not so small a matter that a person should make himself repulsive to his family and associates, by the filthiness of his personal habits. If the tables were turned, and woman should

be guilty of such an outrage upon decency, the custom would speedily be condemned. But a more important consideration is the health. Tobacco is pronounced by medical men to be the most pernicious and poisonous of all plants. Used in any form, it deranges the system, causes various diseases, and hurries its victim to the grave before he has lived out half his allotted time."

"Guess, when a man dies, his time's come; that's my doctrine, young or old, my young woman."

"The design of our Creator, without doubt, was, that man should live to a good old age, and die, as fruit falls when it is fully ripe; but owing to the habitual violation of natural laws, very few fulfill their destiny in that regard. Of all the violations of nature, none can be more flagrant or fatal than the daily use of a positive poison. But the effect of tobacco upon the constitution is insidious, and, therefore, not readily credited. People will believe that any thing, rather than a pet indulgence, produces the disastrous and growing infirmities they deplore. But there is another consideration which I should think *would* influence people. It is the effect upon the purse."

Here Miss More felt that she had reached a strong point. She knew, from observation and hearsay, that the deacon was very fond of his money. Nothing but the bare necessaries of life was accorded to his family, and had it been suggested to him to use the money which he annually expended on tobacco, in appliances of taste and adornment about his dwelling, he would have resented it as a ruinous extravagance. So blind is selfishness.

"When we spend money," continued Miss More, "we expect to receive something in return which shall be an equivalent, and even more desirable than the money itself; something that will stand and remain with us in its place. Else why should we make the exchange? But money spent for tobacco is whiffed away in smoke, or showered uselessly and indecently around in disgusting expectorations. What is left to show for it?"

"Well, raly, now, that *is* a stumper; but let me see," said the old man, rubbing his hand across his eyes, and giving another encouraging shout to old Billy, as if to evoke meanwhile some idea. "Why, now, my dear young woman, you can say jest that very thing of the victuals we eat. When they're eat up, there's nothing left, victuals nor money nuther."

"But your food has become incorporated into your body, and imparts strength and vitality to it throughout. It makes bones, muscle, blood, nerve power. It helps you work, it helps you think, it helps you enjoy; in fact, it sustains your whole existence. But tobacco gives no support, but —"

"I don' no. *I* think tobacco's a regular stand by. A good cigar when I'm layin' off, or a mouthful of sweet Cavendish when I'm workin', is victuals and drink too."

"It is very expensive, however, Mr. Gooch, you will find, if you will take pains to reckon. How much do you suppose you have spent in all your life for it? I heard your son telling some one, the other day, he meant to have a good farm out West to begin life with, but he didn't know how he should manage to get it, for his father wouldn't have any thing to give him. Now, let us make a calculation if you haven't puffed away and swallowed money enough to buy a tolerable farm out West. How many years have you smoked?"

"Well, I s'pose I might as well be good-natered 'bout it, seein' as ye're goin' to bring the old man up to the whippin' post. I've been smokin' about forty odd years. I remember I begun when I was chorin' it down

to the Pint, on old Mr. Little's farm; that's forty-three years ago. But then I hain't chawed all that time. I begun to chaw one winter, when I had the toothache most orful. Let me see — 'twas that horrid cold winter, when the water froze to the critters' noses in the sun — a year or two after the war."

"Say it was thirty years ago."

"Well, yes, 'twas full that — thirty odd, I guess."

"How much do you smoke a week, Mr Gooch?"

"I don't scurcely like to tell," said the deacon. "'Taint hardly fair to make a man confess his sins 'fore his family; howsomever, I'll go it. I didn't begin with cigars; them was costly those days. I smoked a pipe in old times, and used up about a fourpence ha'-penny a week for it. Now that ain't much."

"Twenty years' use of a pipe cost you, then," said Miss More, after a little mental arithmetic, "about sixty-five dollars. Twenty years' use of cigars will be — how many a week, Mr. Gooch?"

"Guess," said the deacon, with an attempt at humor; "see, now, if you're Yankee enough."

"Three a day, I know, is considered a very reasonable allowance."

"Well, four a day 's my allowance. I allus treats myself to two after dinner, to help the victuals down."

"Four a day will not cost less than fifty cents a week. Probably that will be below the real expense, but I will reckon at that. Twenty-six dollars a year, in twenty years, will amount to five hundred and twenty dollars. Add this to the pipe consumption, twenty years before, and the chewing, and we can not make it less than seven hundred dollars smoked and spit away. Mr. Gooch, you have, perhaps, never thought that you have thus absolutely thrown away a valuable farm, or even more than one sufficiently large for your son to begin business on."

Miss More paused. The chimney of the little white cottage was just coming in sight behind the hill, and in another moment a vigorous "whoa" brought old Billy to a stand-still at the gate.

"You're a cute one," said the deacon, as he handed the hitherto despised schoolmistress out from the buffalo robes, seemingly a good deal larger than when she stepped in. "You've shut me up. No woman ever did it before."

It was a rough but hearty acknowledgment of the potency of her words and arguments. We may hope the profound impression made on the deacon's mind will be enduring and salutary.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Following up the train of thought which she had started in her conversation with Deacon Gooch, Miss More decided that the economic view of the tobacco question should engross her next lecture. And believing that this would be with some of her pupils the most influential consideration, she gave notice in school of the particular manner in which she would treat the subject, and invited all the boys, particularly the older ones, to be present.

"I know that all of you, boys," she said, "will be interested sooner or later in the art of *making money*, and if you will remain at the next lecture, I will let you into a very important secret about it." She was gratified to see Gooch, Perkins, and several of the others who had persisted in holding back from the enterprise, in their respective places on this occasion, eager listeners to what she might have to say.

"The art of *making* money lies mainly in knowing how to *save* it. The saying of Frank-

lin, 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' has proved the solid foundation of many a large fortune. Saving may be carried to the extreme of miserly penuriousness, and result only in misery; but directed by wise motives and a proper discretion, it puts in our hands the means of self-improvement and elevation, and makes us mediums of great usefulness to our fellow-creatures. It is, therefore, quite proper that we all, and especially you who are in the very beginning of life, should look into this matter carefully, and learn how we may be truly economical and prudent. To spend money for what is really beneficial to us is *right;* to minister by it only to some animal appetite is *foolish;* to use it for what is positively injurious is worse than folly — it is *sin.*

"The loss of money to the individual is but a fraction of the waste involved in the consumption of tobacco. Every thing valuable is sacrificed to it; and before I come to the calculation of individual expense, I want to lay before you some items of more general consideration.

"In the first place, we may look at the waste of *human life.* In the United States the direct loss of life from tobacco is estimated to be many hundred every year. When

we consider the loss of labor, of property, of intellectual resources, and of moral power involved in this loss of life, this fact becomes truly appalling. Add to this the loss of time and money caused by the prolonged ill health of multitudes more, the poverty and suffering inflicted upon innocent relatives and friends, and the evil can scarcely be computed. The pauper tax alone in this country caused by the use of tobacco is said to be three millions of dollars a year!

"It includes a great waste of valuable *land* and *labor*. The consumption of tobacco, in this country alone, requires five and a half million acres of the richest land to be kept constantly under its cultivation. If this immense area of land were devoted to the raising of corn, wheat, cotton, flax, and other useful products of the soil, would so many of the inhabitants of this world be left to suffer in hunger and rags? The soil used for its growth, moreover, soon becomes worn out, and in some of our states, large districts of deserted wilderness are seen where formerly tobacco plantations flourished — now good for nothing. In regard to the labor expended in this infamous service — in 1840, one tenth of the entire population of the United States

were engaged in raising and manufacturing tobacco. And this number, on account of the increasing demand for the article, is every year growing larger and larger. Besides all this waste, many large conflagrations, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property, have been caused by carelessness in the use of pipes and cigars. All this must be brought in to swell the amount of waste of property from this one bad habit.

"The waste of *time*, especially in taking snuff, is not to be overlooked. It may amuse you to listen to the calculation of the Earl of Stanhope. 'Every professed snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in every ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taker's day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every day, or one day out of ten. One day out of ten amounts to thirty-six and a half days in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice of forty years' standing, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

The expense of snuff, boxes, and extra handkerchiefs, is another consideration, showing as great an encroachment on his means as his time. The time and money lost to society, if properly applied, would furnish a fund sufficient to defray England's national debt.'

"The actual loss in *money* it is difficult to realize, on account of its magnitude. In the United States it is said to be thirty millions of dollars annually, making an average of one dollar and forty cents to every man, woman, and child in the country. The expense of the practice to individuals will be more easily comprehended by you, and I wish you to pay particular attention to the figures. It is a very moderate cigar-smoker who spends only six cents a day; yet that sum, put to compound interest, would in thirty years amount to more than three thousand dollars — and this for a single person! How much good this sum of money would do, if properly applied! But there are multitudes who spend double that sum. Many spend twenty-five or even fifty cents a day in tobacco. The students in some of our colleges pay annually from six to eight thousand dollars for this vile luxury. The cigar bill of many a clerk exceeds his board bill. The hard-working man

who thinks he can not furnish the means of education to his children, and the Christian of small income who declines aiding in a proposed charity, will each spend thirty, fifty, or a hundred dollars a year for tobacco. The thirty millions of dollars, which is considered a low estimate of the annual loss to this country through the use of tobacco, would provide every district in the land with a free school, every hamlet with a free church, and every pauper with a good home. Think of it! If appropriated to the spread of the gospel, it would carry the glad news of salvation and the elevating influences of civilization to all the inhabitants of the globe. What a weight of guilt and responsibility lies, then, at the door of all who are addicted to this habit, and especially of Christians who are slaves to such a wicked and expensive appetite!

"Save the money, then, boys, that you may be tempted to use for tobacco. Save it for your own improvement, and for the good of your fellow-creatures. The wealth you will thus accumulate will not merely be that of dollars and cents, but soundness of body, activity of mind, nobleness of heart, solidity of principle, powers and facilities of usefulness,

and eternal happiness — the true riches, uncounted and enduring."

"Mr. Rugg, over the creek, told father, the other day, that he couldn't afford to take a newspaper; and he smokes the whole continual time," was the comment of Josiah Clark, as he passed out of the school room that afternoon.

"He's always borrowing ours," added Marcus. "He'd better save his cents, I think."

"And his senses too," remarked Sidney. "If he don't mind, they'll go before long."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORKING LEAVEN.

Deacon Gooch meditated profoundly on the problem which his juvenile instructor had demonstrated to him. But he was equally profound in his silence upon the subject, though that conversation and the subsequent week's lecture were familiarly discussed and commented upon in the family. The fact was, he was placed in very embarrassing circumstances. How could he, the head of the family, a man of such sagacity, the oracle of his domestic circle, where an opinion was never allowed free ventilation unless it had received its origin and imprint from himself, — how could he stand up before his family and acknowledge himself in error? Besides, appetite stood in his way. He had no idea of relinquishing his favorite indulgence — oh, no! There were reasons enough in favor of *his* holding on to his quid and his cigar. To be sure, vague suspicions were now continually floating in his mind that it was the poison that lurked in the sweet morsel which caused

all the disagreeable and growing ailments of which he found himself the victim. But he was an old man, and the dear solace of his weary hours could not be given up. The pecuniary considerations moved him; but he had lost more that way than he ever should again, and it was too late now to help that. He could, however, compromise the matter with his conscience. He would use his endeavors to prevent his son from following in his footsteps. "All *he* can save that way will be clear gain," he said to himself, "and if there is any truth about its spilin' the health, why, he'll save that too."

So, on Sunday evening, after tea, having ruminated on the subject for ten days, the deacon spoke.

"Bill," said he, "I've been a-dwellin', ever sence that day we druv the schoolma'am hum, on what she said about tobacker."

The deacon paused.

"Well," said Bill.

"I think I'm beginnin' to git a realizin sense of what a wasteful-like job it is to smoke and chaw so long as I have. 'Tis a fact, it costs orful."

He paused again.

"Well," says Bill.

"Jest think, now, of seven hundred dollars used up and thrown away."

"Nor that ain't all, neither," said Bill, aided in his arithmetic by the computations of Miss More's last lecture. "If you had put that tobacco money out at interest, year by year, 'twould have come to as much as five thousand dollars by this time."

This was a new view of the subject, and the deacon opened his eyes.

"It can't be helped now," said he; "it's too late. But I'll tell ye now, Bill, what I've thought on."

"Well, what is it?" asked Bill.

"I've thought if you, now, for instance, now you're young, and in your prime, leaves off usin' the stuff, I'll jest give ye all ye save till ye're free."

"Principal and interest too?" inquired the sagacious Bill.

"Ye see I has to find it now, and 'twon't cost any more in the long run; and if I give it to ye all together, why, then you'll have suthin' to start with. You're seventeen years old now, and 'twill be four years 'fore you're free. Four years—now reckon up your cigars, and see how much 'twill come to."

"'Twon't be much," said Bill, in a disap-

pointed tone. "I don't smoke four or five a day, as you do."

"Pooty nigh on to it, I guess."

"No, *sir*; I don't get more than two, any how; and that ain't nothing."

"Wouldn't be worth saving, eh? Well, count it three, now. I guess it's that in the gineral average."

"That would only be twenty-two dollars, even money."

"Well, every little helps; that's, let me see, — that's eighty-eight dollars, in all."

"I can do better than that," said Bill, with a brightening face. "You give it to me every year, and I'll get a six per cent. added to it. I tell ye, 'twill pay."

"Well, I've got no 'jection to that. Then, seein' you've been sech a good boy, like, this winter, I'll begin when school leaves off, and I'll pay you for work round the farm jest as I pays Israel Jones. That 'll add a neat little sum to it."

"Agreed," says Bill. "But now I'll tell ye, father. If you'd quit smoking too, —"

"Oh, my boy, I can't, — can't do no sech thing, — 'twould rack my constitution orful to 'tempt it."

"Better try."

"'Tisn't possible, Bill. I'm an old man, ye see, and past my prime. 'Twouldn't do, I'm persuaded."

The entrance of farmer Jones put an end to the conversation; but Bill appeared pretty well satisfied with his bargain, and rubbed his hands over it in great glee as he rehearsed the matter to Hannah, in the course of the evening.

"I'll sign to-morrow," said he, — "see if I don't; and make money out of it too. That's what I call a *strike*, old girl;" and he gave Hannah a very unceremonious twirl to the further side of the big chimney place.

"You should do it because it's right, Bill," said she, "not for the sake of the money. That would be a great deal better, I'm sure."

"Can't afford to do right for nothing, when I have to do with the old man," said the undutiful youth. "Should come out of the little end of the horn if I did."

That week the hearts of Tristram and Sidney were made glad by the addition of the names William Henry Gooch and Samuel Hildreth Perkins, in broad, round hand to the list of members of the Campfield Boys' Anti-Tobacco Society.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FOE TO TRUE MANHOOD.

Said Miss More at the fifth meeting of the society, —

"I have already set before you, my dear pupils, the effects of tobacco upon a man's health and his purse; but we have not yet considered all its bearings upon *himself*. For a man is not to be measured by his physical condition or his external circumstances. True manhood consists in character, in the position of the individual toward the future and eternal. A man is a man according as he fulfills the great end of his being, which is to grow out of the low, carnal, and earthly, into the spiritual and holy — into likeness to God his Creator. Now, it is proved beyond a doubt, that this practice which we are considering debases *the man;* holds him down from this upward growth, hinders the development of the spirit, chains him to the sensuous by a mean and perverted appetite. We have seen how the use of tobacco in every form affects the senses. The eye is dimmed, the ear ob-

structed, the smell deadened, the taste paralyzed. Must not the mind, therefore, to which these senses are the avenues, suffer correspondingly? It can not be otherwise. Professor Hitchcock says, — and his testimony is supported by many eminent men, — 'It tends directly to debilitate the organs of the intellect; and we can not take a more effectual course to cloud the understanding, weaken the memory, unfix the attention, and confuse all the mental operations, than by entailing on ourselves the whole hateful train of maladies which spring from the use of tobacco. It may seem to soothe the feelings, and for a time to quicken the operations of the mind; but to what purpose is it that the machine is furiously running and buzzing after the balance wheel is taken off?'

"The use of this poison in our schools and colleges is very common, but teachers are waking up to the enormous evil and providing against it. It would be a desirable thing if teachers and professors would unite to *forbid* the use of tobacco in the institutions under their charge. The fatal effect now showing itself in the check of physical growth and the enfeeblement of intellectual faculties would in this way be effectually prevented.

"The use of tobacco spoils the disposition. It is asserted by those who have had opportunities of observation, that tobacco-users are universally irritable in temper. 'They are snappish to their wives, churlish to their children, and cross to every body and every thing.' Another writer says, 'Tobacco produces a perpetual souring of the temper, a cross-grained, ill-natured, repelling, or depraved state of combativeness.' Horace Greeley says, 'Chewing and smoking tend directly to blackguardism.' We may all testify from our own observation that it produces bad manners, and leads to badness of heart.

"Impurity of morals is one of the most obvious effects of this practice. If, as Jeremy Taylor, declares, 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' then the very filthiness to which the use of this weed unavoidably leads must needs tend to a correspondingly impure state of the heart. Fowler says, 'The constitutional effect of tobacco is to *pervert* and *vitiate the entire being*, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, in all the ramifications of mind and functions of body.' From this vitiated state of body and mind, it can be but a short step to outwardly dissipated and wicked courses. And if you will look around, you

will see for yourselves that this is true. How many tobacco-users are intemperate, vicious, and dissolute!

"This practice is very inconsistent with religion. How can a true, living Christian be a slave to any appetite, and particularly to one so disgusting, so degrading, so thoroughly evil as this? And what can be more inconsistent than for a man, whose business it is to preach purity, to be himself the victim of so dirty a habit? One of their own number has boldly said, 'If there ever was a weed whose roots went down till they drew sap from below, it is tobacco. And a snuffing, smoking, chewing, spitting minister is not fit to stand in ordinary congregations, or to live in ordinary families.' Some of you may one day stand in the sacred desk. If you do, seek to purge out from yourselves every impure habit, that you may be examples to your flock of all you teach.

"Our remarks, if carried out to an extreme, would seem to imply that no one who used tobacco in any form could have any pretensions to be a gentleman or a Christian. Of course you will understand that there are various degrees of devotion to the habit, and that those who are addicted to it start from

various and widely differing points of refinement. But I want you to know and feel that the *tendency* of the habit is *decidedly downward.* It deteriorates the whole being. It prevents the development of the lofty and noble within, and facilitates the growth of evil and impurity. No one, however strong-minded, however pure, however upheld by the restraints of genteel and refined society, of domestic associations, elevated tastes, or professional position, but suffers from it. And who can think of it for one moment in connection with the purities and celestial refinements of our immortal existence, without a shock? If our principles and habits here have an intimate bearing upon our condition in the other and eternal life, as we believe they do, into what affinities of those upper circles can we imagine a tobacco-loving minister, or Christian, to be finally introduced. He who hath within him the hope of heaven, of being *like Christ*, when he 'shall see him as he is,' must follow the recommendation of the apostle, and 'purify himself even as He is pure.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLIE MERRILL.

In a distant district of the large out-spreading town of Campfield rose the costly and splendid mansion of Captain Azariah Merrill. Where the sweet pine woods shed their delicious and healthful fragrance through all the air, and by their dense growth sheltered the atmosphere from the searching sea fogs which prevailed at certain seasons near the shore, this charming spot had been scooped out from the forest, — a fancy lodge in the vast wilderness, the owner said, — and arranged with all the taste, and skill, and beauty its eccentric proprietor could command. It was, indeed, a domain to be admired for the substantial elegance of its structures, the richness of its landscape, the cooling delights of its magnificent groves, which considerate hands had spared here and there from the old forest growth, and for the abundance of every luxury which modern culture could supply. The simple country people called it "the forrin place," so unlike was it to any thing their

untraveled eyes had ever beheld. Indeed, it would forcibly remind the more cultivated spectator of the superb English villas of which he had read, or perhaps might have seen, and lead him to conclude that Captain Merrill had brought from his visits to other climes pleasant and substantial memories.

Captain Merrill was a proud man. In the first place, he prided himself on being a Campfield boy, "born and bred in a fishing smack," who had pushed his way, through the profession most in vogue in that sea-bordering and seafaring community, to wealth and distinction. In the second place, upon the delightful home which his money had built, and to which he had retired for the remainder of his days, as far away, for health's sake, from his native element as he could, without entirely forsaking his parental township. In the third place, he was proud of his beautiful wife, who could not be excelled (in his opinion) in the whole state for personal charms. The pair constituted the upper *two* of Campfield, there being not enough of equal affluence and position to form an "upper ten," in all that plain, old-fashioned town.

Mrs. Merrill was a sister of Mrs. Lawrence, the mother of the redoubtable Jim, with whom

the reader is already slightly acquainted. The two sisters, by reason of the differing successes of their husbands, had become quite removed from one another in point of worldly means and social consideration. Still they preserved for each other much of the old sisterly love, and their families freely associated. There was, it is true, a little "feeling" between them on some points. Mrs. Lawrence imagined that Lucy had grown rather "stuck up" within the last ten years, and there was no accounting for the strange notions she had got into her head about her house and children. Mrs. Merrill contended that as long as her ideas were her own, and she had means to carry them out, no one need to interfere, and that, if Ann were situated as she was, she would probably think and do very much the same. No doubt they were both right in a degree; but in one thing they both acted like good-hearted, sensible Yankee women — they did not suffer these little antagonisms to hinder the pleasant flow of family affection. They were scrupulous in keeping up the visits of the two households, making it a rule, from which neither had deviated for years, to take tea with each other every week. Thursday was the day appointed for the meeting, with

the understanding that, if the weather was unsuitable, it should be postponed to the first fair day thereafter. Had it not been for this prescribed form, rigidly observed, their widely-divergent circumstances would have resulted in a gradual estrangement of the two sisters and their children.

This visit served another excellent purpose. The rubbing together of their individual thoughts and feelings, and the preserving meanwhile of an amicable spirit, did them both a positive good. Though there might have been a little condescension on the one side, and a shadow of envy on the other, this weekly attrition burnished their ideas, giving them definite shape and purpose, and led each one to define her position in sentiment and opinion more clearly than she would otherwise have done. Thus the standard of character grew more positive and correct in both, as in many respects they modified and moderated the thoughts and feelings of each other.

One of the peculiar notions of Mrs. Merrill, which met with the decided disapprobation of her sister, was her antipathy to district schools. Not in the general, but in the particular. Not for others; oh, no. They were the wisest and best of institutions; for how

else could the "masses" be educated? But for her own children she preferred select schools, the Academy at Sampville, the Female Seminary at Great Plains, or kindred institutions. Mrs. Lawrence called this pride; Mrs. Merrill, prudence. Mrs. Lawrence considered it an offensive ambition; Mrs. Merrill contended it was only a propriety of their superior worldly position. In accordance with this idea, Sarah and Lucy Merrill were every day transported to the before-mentioned Academy, for the development of their mental faculties; and Charles, the only son of the household, was in a family boarding school at Lee's Point.

It happened, as the ladies sat together in Mrs. Merrill's elegant sitting room, one February afternoon, that their conversation turned upon the anti-tobacco mania at the central district.

"You never saw such a fuss as they are making down there at the Corner," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Every body is talking about tobacco, and the boys and girls that go there to school can't think of any thing else. Wherever you go, to church, or sewing society, or visiting, it's the one thing — tobacco. Why, if there was half as much stirring-up on re-

ligion, they'd say we had a revival. *I* call it the tobacco-revival."

"But you approve it, sister, of course."

"Well, I don't know. I can't see the use of making such a fuss about any thing. I'm sure I don't see the harm of smoking and chewing in a moderate degree. If folks go into excess about it, why, of course 'twould be wrong — extremes are always bad. But every body uses tobacco; and what's the use of trying to put down what every body likes, and every body will have? Besides, I can't see that it injures people so much as they seem to represent it down there."

"I don't think any thing can be worse, sister, excepting ardent spirits. I am perfectly convinced that it is productive of the greatest part of the diseases from which people are suffering. Think what abstinence from tobacco has done for my husband. Why, nights and nights, for years, the captain spent in his chair, unable to lie down for that terrible phthisic; and yet he kept on smoking and chewing, — you know seafaring people are always given more or less to the habit, — until a doctor we met down in Bath, told him to give up tobacco. 'I can't, no way,' says the captain. 'It's meat and drink, heat and cold, business

and sleep to me.' 'And 'twill be death, before long, if you keep on,' said the doctor; 'so you can have your choice.' It was *very* hard to give it up, but the captain is equal to any thing he undertakes; and he conquered the appetite to his entire satisfaction, and his health came up as the appetite went down. He's just as well now as any body, and his old complaints never trouble him, excepting when he takes cold. Now that we know how many evils arise from the use of tobacco, we set our faces against it. I wouldn't have a child use it for the world."

Mrs. Lawrence smiled suspiciously.

"Charlie never smokes, I suppose," said she.

"Charlie? Why, I'd as soon think of smoking myself, or buying cigars for Sarah and Lucy."

"Boys get into such ways, sometimes, without their mothers' knowing it," remarked Mrs. Lawrence — a remark of which her sister took no notice.

Why should she? She had perfect confidence in her absent son. The subject had been so often and thoroughly canvassed in the family since the Bath doctor had issued his salutary prescription for the captain, that

the children all understood it well. They knew that their parents had come to view tobacco as a poison, and that its use would never more be tolerated within their sphere. Besides this, Mrs. Merrill, with true motherly fidelity, had administered private and particular advice to her son on the subject, and begged of him, by all that was sacred and dear in self-respect, in the good opinion of the truly refined, and in the possession of undefiled moral principles, never to touch the filthy stuff. No one could have been surer than she of the perfect integrity of a son.

"Had a letter from Charlie to-day, 'ma," said the captain, at the tea table. "He'll be home next week, Friday. He sent for money to pay his shoe bill."

"Shoe bill!" repeated the mother. "I'm sure I thought he had boots and shoes enough to carry him through the quarter."

"Ah, boys are great stavers," said the captain. "They don't feel much concern for their soles till they're gone, and then they must get 'em patched up somehow;" and he laughed at the joke he had attempted. Alas for the captain's wit — it was not equal to his good nature.

"I sent him five dollars," he added, as he

helped himself a second time to the fried oysters of delicate hue and exquisite relish before him. "I suppose that will pay the cobbler. Wish the boy was here this minute, to help me eat these shell fish."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHOEMAKER'S FINDINGS.

At the appointed time Charlie came, and the week following, Mrs. Lawrence was again at her sister's. As the short, winter's afternoon closed in upon them, the social party drew together around the glowing grate, to chat by firelight, while Sally, the very best of all Yankee help, was spreading the table most invitingly for supper. Suddenly the door opened, and a stranger was ushered into the apartment.

"How d'ye do, Captain Merrill? Hope I see you well," said the man, in a rough voice, and advancing, in a bungling manner, toward the group.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," said the captain, rising.

"Yes, sir; I'm Duncan, the shoemaker at Lee's Point. Was a friend of your son's, sir. Ah, there he is. How d'ye do, Master Merrill? Hope I see you well, sir;" bowing familiarly.

Charlie appeared embarrassed, hesitated,

hemmed once or twice, and finally corroborated the self-introduction of the visitor, saying, —

"Yes, father; the shoemaker, Mr. Duncan."

"I had a small account to bring in," said the man, fumbling in his pocket; "the balance of Master Merrill's bill."

"His bill, I thought, was paid."

"His shoe bill; yes, sir. Didn't amount to much — that didn't. But the young gentleman hadn't funds enough to pay the other, and said he'd settle it next quarter. But as I happened to be down to Campfield Corner, and money's allers 'ceptable to poor folks, I made up my mind I'd jest call on the road home and git it."

"This bill is for — what do I understand, Mr. Duncan?"

"Cigars, sir, cigars. You see there's no place at Lee's Point where the boys ventur' to go for to git their 'backer, 'cause they're watched so plaguy close. So, as they hev to come to the shoemaker's pooty often, they jest contrived it 'mong theirselves that I should keep a nice little 'sortment of the best kinds, so they could be s'plied without the master's knowin' on it. So that's the way on it. Master Merrill's bill is a small one — he

uses it quite moderate. Some uses it orful, and treats too. Why, they make nothin' of runnin' up twenty or thirty dollars."

The captain was astounded. He let the man run through his story without an interruption; then, taking out his wallet, he paid the eight dollars and thirty-five cents, placed the receipted bill within its folds, and opening the door, shut it upon the retreating form of the shoemaker without a syllable.

Meantime the cheerful solar had been lighted, and the seething tea urn placed upon the table; but a shadow had fallen on the faces which had been just now radiant with pleasure. Charlie had taken refuge, for the moment, behind the newspaper. He hardly knew how to calculate upon the effects of the unpleasant disclosure. "I wish this good-for-nothing aunt of mine was out of the way, at any rate," thought he; "she'll crow so, and go spreading it all about. It does please her so to get a little bit of gossip about us!"

The captain was very angry at what had transpired — so angry that he dared not speak. He waited until his passion was cooled, and his heart had passed from its feverish violence to the mood of sorrow; and when he spoke, it was in tones of unusual tenderness.

"My son, *I* used to smoke. I smoked for thirty years, night and day; even when I turned into my berth at night, it would often be with a cigar in my mouth. But I suffered for it, — you know how, — and now when I see the folly of my ways, and warn my son against the evil consequences of such a course, is he going to set aside the counsel of his father as nothing worth? And above all, will he prosecute his willful habits in such a mean, underhand way as this? Bad as the smoking is, Charlie, it is nothing to be compared with lying and deception. Deceiving your teachers, deceiving your parents, who placed such confidence in you! Oh, my son, there is no surer road to ruin than this!"

The captain paused.

"I shall never do so again, father — never," said Charles, hurriedly. It was all he could say.

But when he sat alone, face to face with his mother, and she, with all her mother's love, looked down into the depths of his eyes, and simply said, "How *could* you do so, Charlie?" then his tongue was loosed, and he spoke.

"Mother," said he, "I tell you, honestly, I couldn't help it. I didn't want to disobey you, and I didn't like cigars — but I couldn't

help it. You see I'm so large, mother, that I had to go with all the big boys. 'Twould have looked strange enough to see me, big enough to be a man, playing with the little boys that were just my age, for I passed for seventeen or eighteen years old. And the large boys all smoked, mother — every one of them. At first I didn't; I told them I didn't want to, and I didn't like it well enough, and all that. They laughed, and made all manner of fun of me, and played jokes on me ever so many times; and I couldn't hold out. I smoked for peace' sake, mother, and nothing else in the world. And you see I was afraid to tell you and father, and I felt real bad about it too. I ain't so wicked as you and father think I am, I know."

The word passed round among his cousins, and out into the village through the lips of the communicative aunt Lawrence, just as Charlie expected. There was a little air of triumph, too, in the way the story was first told.

"So much, you see, for family boarding schools," said Mrs. Lawrence, "where the boys are taken such beautiful care of, and watched over so splendidly! I declare, it isn't a fortnight since I told Lucy she'd bet-

ter look out, or Charlie would smoke, like the rest. I did enjoy it so, when that old clumsy shoemaker came blundering into the parlor! and I thought Charlie would sink right into the floor if he could. 'Twas too good."

And whenever Charlie appeared, after that, at the Corner, he was always greeted with, "How d'ye do, Master Merrill? — shoes worn out?" "Want your boots mended to-day, sir?" Hard on shoes — ain't you, Charlie?" "Shoemaker's bill grows large," — or some such rude allusion to a most unwelcome topic. What could he do? He was mortified beyond expression. He was not corrupt at heart, was sincerely sorry for his fault, and resolved never again to repeat it; but "he didn't want," he said, "to go making confessions to all the insolent boys of the street." It became really a punishment for him to appear outside his home.

One day he screwed up his courage to meet the trouble. He was standing in the Post-Office door, waiting the opening of the daily mail, when the unfeeling Jim Lawrence shouted across the street, at the top of his voice, —

"Hallo, boots! What's the price of new soles?" and instantly a crowd of boys gathered on the spot — some laughing, some echo-

ing the joke, and some looking, with eager curiosity, at the object of the fun.

Charles walked boldly across the road, and stood before them. He was taller, though not older, than his cousin and most of his companions, and as he stood erect, and in a firm, manly voice uttered his determination, he really awed the group into silence and respect.

"Boys," said he, "your jokes, I know, I have deserved; but they've grown old now, and dry, and what's the use of making fun of a fellow when he's done wrong? I know I have done wrong—I own up. But I shall never do that thing again. I've taken the pledge, boys, and joined the Society, and never will tobacco soil my lips again. So now wind up your jokes, and let me alone. And you all go with me in this thing, and you never 'll be sorry — I'm sure of that."

Most of the boys received this speech with loud cheers. "Hurrah for Charlie Merrill!" and, "Done with the shoemaker!" were heard on all sides; but when Charlie turned round to say a private word in the ear of his cousin, the pale-faced boy had skulked away, and was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

"I SHALL present to you to-day, my dear young friends," said the indefatigable teacher, "a summary of the reasons why you should never use tobacco yourselves, or, in the language of the pledge you have signed, 'encourage these filthy habits in any of your companions, while you belong to this school, or as long as you live.'

"'Prevention is better than cure.' If I were to address an assembly to-day of those who have long been confirmed lovers of the poisonous weed, all the urgent motives and strong arguments for their reform which I might bring forward, would probably fall powerless, or nearly so, before the gigantic strength of the appetite that binds them. But I rejoice that I am speaking to the young, to those who are as yet untrammeled by such fatal cords, and I have a hope that what I shall say will impress your hearts and your consciences, and remain with you for evermore.

"I have already in my former lessons on

this subject, as I have explained the poisonous nature of the plant, its deteriorating effect upon the whole bodily economy, on the mind, the manners, and the morals, together with its useless waste of property, presented to you incidentally many of the most important arguments against it. Why should you adopt a habit so excessively filthy as this, making yourself a disagreeable companion wherever you go? Why should you defile the ground on which you tread with your disgusting expectorations, so that none can walk by your side, or follow in your steps, without contracting pollution to their garments? What right have you to vitiate the very atmosphere, the element which God himself has created as a pure medium of life and health to all, by your fetid breath? By what law of politeness and etiquette is a person allowed to go into the dwelling of another to contaminate the air and mar its neatness? By what law of liberty and equal rights is he permitted to make the stage coach, the steamboat, the railroad car, unfit for the conveyance of the public by his indecencies? It would seem that the very filthiness of the habit would restrain any well-bred youth of respectable associations from contracting it.

"And what right have we to expend the vitalities and energies of the bodies God has given us on a mere sensual gratification? The suicide is execrated by mankind universally; and is it any worse for a man by a violent and sudden blow to wrench away the life that God has imparted, than to do it by a process of slow but sure destruction?

"And when we go higher yet, and willfully demoralize, pervert, and destroy the functions of our spiritual nature; when we unfit, by vile and wicked courses, our undying souls for the employments and enjoyments of a future and nobler state of existence; when we hold down the spirit from its upward flights in truth and holiness by such base and vile clogs,—how shall we dare to appear before our Creator? How shall we excuse ourselves when our holy Judge shall summon us to account for the talents he has intrusted to our charge? Oh, my dear pupils, when the great Master endowed us with faculties of body and mind, and placed us in a world which needed every purifying and renovating influence for its redemption, he did not design that we should devote our time, and money, and energies, to debasing sensual gratifications. We must give account of our stewardship at last. I hope it may not

be said at that final day to any one of you, through the pursuance of these vile practices, or from any other cause, 'Depart from me, ye unprofitable servants, into outer darkness.'

"But there are two considerations which I have not yet enlarged upon, that I wish to press upon your attention this afternoon. One is the insidiousness and fatal power of this habit. It comes upon a person by slow degrees — almost imperceptibly. The first act is, perhaps, a thoughtless one, or done from social considerations, or in what is considered a jovial mood; from vanity, or lack of moral courage; or from various reasons which are at the time perfectly satisfactory; and before the victim is aware, the fangs of the viper are fastened upon him. No habit gains ground more rapidly, or proves such a slavery, as this. It holds its victims with an iron grip, from which very few have the courage or the will-power to extricate themselves. Will you, then, form it? Will you plant the tree whose Upas shade will surely blight every prospect and interest of your being for time and for eternity? This tremendous power of the habit constitutes the most important argument against its formation. Stand aloof, boys, from its terrible grasp, and let it never be

said that you were ruined by tobacco, or that your example has led on another fellow-creature to ruin.

"The other reason I would present to you more fully is this: that the habit almost always leads, sooner or later, to intemperance. Tobacco, either chewed or smoked, produces thirst, which water or common drinks can not satisfy. Dr. Trall says, 'The torpid and palsied mouth and throat incessantly crave something strong and pungent to rouse them to a state of sensibility.' Was there ever a bar room, or grog shop, where the two practices, smoking and drinking, were not going on together? In New York, I have been told that the liquor stores and tobacco shops are alike open, and have more business on Sunday than on any other day of the week. It is the uniform testimony of those who have observed the habits of the tobacco-user closely, that they are strongly allied, and very speedily lead, to intemperance. Says one distinguished physician, 'It is the most ready and common stepping-stone to the use of spirituous liquors.' Another says the free use of tobacco is 'paving the way to drunkenness;' another, that there is a 'close connection between tobacco and stimulating drinks.' 'Whoever uses tobacco

will, sooner or later, come to be fond of exciting drinks.'

"Flee, then, my young friends, from a habit which is in itself so pernicious, and the precursor of such fatal consequences. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.'

"And if, in your efforts to reclaim others, you should be met by the hopeless assertion, 'It is too late; we can not throw off so strong a habit,' do all you can to encourage hope; and stimulate exertion in the right direction. It is a difficult habit to cure, but it can be done. The idea that the sudden cessation of the practice will prove injurious is a false one. Criminals who have been arrested and placed where they could not get it have never suffered in consequence. Even old men who are sent to our prisons and houses of correction, and thus obliged to give up tobacco suddenly, have never experienced bad consequences from it. Indeed, they improve in appearance, and have better health, without it.

"But one who wishes to reform must not think of defeat. With a strong will, and a constant reliance on divine Power for help, we can resist the strongest influences to evil, and throw off the yoke of the most imperious foe. And we are sure that resisting

evil, overcoming *sin*, throwing off the bondage of Satan, can never lead to injurious effects. When time has been given for the forces of the system which wrong courses have enfeebled to rally, they will recuperate and afterward sustain themselves in strength and nobleness. Obedience to the laws of nature brings in its train good of every form and nature."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

The winter school had come to its closing day. The administration of the female teacher was pronounced a decided success. The rod, for the first time, had been entirely ignored, and moral suasion had taken its place. Motives of honor, affection, and conscience had been sufficient to enforce obedience, diligence, punctuality, and general subordination. In only two instances had appeal been made to parental authority. The parents of the pupils, the honorable committee, the pupils themselves, and the lookers-on about the town, were uniformly pleased with the prosperous issue of the experiment. "If they hadn't learned so much," it was said, "the children certainly had behaved better than they ever did before, and that was something gained."

Miss More, too, was encouraged by the results attained. She felt that her efforts had not been without profit. Impressions had been made in many instances upon the heart,

and she thought she could already see in several individuals the upspringing of the good seed. The zeal and interest manifested upon the subject of tobacco was certainly one good fruit which had grown from her application of moral truth; and earnestly she hoped and prayed that it might deepen and extend. "I expect every one of you," she said to the boys in parting, "to grow up total abstinence men, both as pertains to liquor and tobacco. If you do not form the habits of chewing and smoking while young, you probably never will. A person may in mature life descend, from the force of circumstances, to the practices of intemperance; but it is generally conceded that the habit of using tobacco is formed in youth. If I should ever meet you in after years, or hear of you, as undoubtedly I shall, my first expectation will be to learn that you are stanch anti-tobacco men. And both you and the girls too must use every endeavor, in your own families and throughout the town, to reclaim others from these evil habits, and to diffuse light and knowledge upon the subject. See if you can not persuade the snuff-takers and tobacco-chewers among your acquaintances to give up their favorite indulgence, and appropriate the money to some charitable or useful purpose."

"That's the way grandma Sheffield does," interrupted Miss Gilmore. "She used to spend as much as five dollars a year for snuff, and now she gives it to the Missionary Society. And she says it gives her a great deal more satisfaction than the snuff ever did."

"Her example is a worthy one. If all the snuff-takers in Campfield would give the money they expend in that useless way to purchasing a Sunday School or District School Library, or to the sustaining of some young person of their acquaintance in getting an education, or appropriate it to the help of a home missionary, to the building up of a feeble church, or the planting of a Sunday School where one has never existed, how much good might be accomplished!—good that would bear to be looked at, that would give true satisfaction and pleasure, when we come to a review of this earthly state."

When Miss More left, the members of the Society brought her several dollars, which they had contributed among themselves, requesting her to purchase for them tracts on this subject for circulation in their community. The commission was promptly fulfilled, and when

the parcel arrived at Campfield, it was found to contain, in addition, a gift from their kind friend, consisting of a handsomely printed certificate of membership for each one of her pupils whose name had been enrolled upon the list. These were received with acclamations of pleasure by all, and sacredly kept, not only as reminders of their principles, but as mementoes of affection from their loved and respected teacher. Should any one of my little readers ever visit Campfield, he will, no doubt, find some of these still hanging, neatly framed, in the simple parlors of the country people. Some have been carried to other and distant homes, by those who alone would attach any value to them. For the pupils of the "New School" have not remained *in statu quo* any more than the rest of the world. They have followed the course of human life, have grown up, married, settled, entered professions and business pursuits of various kinds. Would you like to know something about them?

Our gentle little Lucy Clark married a minister, and is leading a quiet, useful life, in the midst of a rising family and a loving people, in a frontier town of her own native state. Bessie Simonson is a prosperous mer-

chant's wife in the far-off state of Iowa. Rebecca is teaching—fulfilling her part in life well, as a loved and successful guide of the youthful mind in the pursuits of knowledge, forgetting not, like the teacher she takes pleasure in remembering, the cultivation of the heart and the conscience. Anna Little is married, too. Oh, yes, she and Tristram have united hands and hearts. May their lives flow on peacefully and happily together. Sidney has chosen a sailor's life for himself, and now rejoices in the title of Captain. Captain Barnes is a man distinguished for his goodness rather than for his moneyed success. "I have never drank, I have never smoked, and never chewed; I have given all men their just dues," says the captain himself; "but Providence has always seemed to smile *against* me. If I hadn't been honest, I might have made a fortune; but, somehow, I always have felt that a clean heart was better than a full purse." We feel so, too, and we verily believe the hour will come, if not in this life, in that which is close at hand, when the radiant smile of God will dawn upon that patient, humble soul, and crown him with immortal honor, joy, and enduring riches.

Poor Jim Lawrence is dead. In less than

two years after the close of that winter school, his emaciated form was laid in the quiet graveyard of Campfield. Was he a victim of tobacco? The doctor talked of pulmonary complaints; the neighbors said he had consumption; his parents thought it inherited scrofula. But who can doubt, that with the taint of inherited disease within him, his early and extravagant use of tobacco developed the disease, dried up all the resisting and recuperating forces in his system, and facilitated his death? Nor is his an isolated case. Many a young man, whose death is recorded in our daily papers, and whose physician makes out a certificate of consumption, if the truth were known, if facts were investigated, would be enrolled as a victim of this terrible but fashionable poison. When shall redress come?

Where shall help come from? Boys, from *you*. Begin right. Set your faces as a flint against the use of tobacco in any form. Hold your pledge sacred as your life, as your eternal interests; and with the pure principles of the rising generation on this vital point will be inaugurated a new era in virtue and religion.

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